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CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR observations would lead us to the conclusion that in fact, if not in profession, the whig party is more unfriendly to the United States than the tories, who are a more practical and practicable race of statesmen. The contrary opinion seems to be held by the writer of the following article from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

CHARACTERISTIC IGNORANCE OF AMERICAN STATESMEN.

WE are not much surprised to find the violent tory, or, as they call themselves, conservative writers of Europe habitually assailing the institutions and national character of this country with a sort of fury. Our success is the strongest argument against the truth of their system. But we must own that we are surprised—and that not very agreeably—to see, as we often do, the liberal journals adopting the same tone, and thus playing into the hands of their and our worst political opponents. Even the *Edinburgh Review*; which has long been regarded as the ablest and most judicious, as well as the most brilliant and popular publication of its class, is far from being entirely exempt from the reproach of indulging in this wretched jargon. We find it for example, gravely stated in a late article in that journal on the Oregon question, written with remarkable ability, and attributed to Mr. Senior, that “ignorance of international law is the leading defect of American statesmen.”

It seems to have escaped the recollection of Mr. Senior that the only works in the English language of any value on international law are from the pen of an American statesman—our distinguished minister at the Court of Berlin;—and this defect of memory is the less excusable inasmuch as Mr. Senior himself is understood to have written the highly laudatory notice of the last of those works which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. Without entering into any general defence of the character of American statesmen, which speaks for itself in the practical re-

sults of their labors, it may be sufficient to remark that the principal contributors to the mass of diplomatic correspondence by the character of which their pretensions on the score of learning in international law must be tried, are such men as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, Hamilton, the Morrisises, the Adamases, the Pinckneys, Gallatin, Marshall, Monroe, Rush, Rives, Livingston, McLane, Van Buren, Webster, Clay, and others of the same order of intellect. Occasional errors may perhaps be detected in the writings of these distinguished persons, but they cannot, with propriety, be charged, as a class, with “ignorance of international law,” and Mr. Senior, in making this charge upon them, without affecting their reputation, only diminishes the weight of his own authority and that of the journal, in which he writes, with all impartial and right-minded men.

We doubt, in fact, whether any existing government can exhibit a body of state papers, on the whole more creditable to the learning and talent of its agents than the United States. Mr. Senior will, perhaps, find it difficult to put his finger in the collections of any other country, upon abler discussions of great principles in national law than are contained in the correspondence between Jefferson and Genet, on neutral rights, Adams' letter to Erving in defence of the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister by General Jackson, or the despatches of the commissioners at Ghent. These last elicited, as is well known, from Sir James Mackintosh, at least as high an authority as Mr. Senior, a free confession, in a speech in the house of commons, of the “astounding superiority” displayed on the American side of the argument, although the British commissioners had the advantage of constant consultation with their superiors in Downing street, while the Americans acted under general instructions upon their own immediate responsibility.

Comparisons are proverbially odious, and we will therefore merely hint, without enlarging on the subject, at the singular fact that our British friends, after a thousand years of national existence, have not yet, with all their literary activity, produced a single work of the least authority or

importance, upon national law, or even made a respectable collection of treaties and state papers. For this whole department of literature they are dependent upon their continental neighbors and upon the "characteristically ignorant" statesmen of this country. The same may be said of their boasted constitution, upon which, notwithstanding the recent labors of Hallam, Lord John Russell, and Lord Brougham, the best commentaries in existence are still the feeble essay of De Lome, and a chapter in Montesquieu, both foreigners. Great Britain can show nothing upon the subject which will sustain a moment's comparison with the *Federalist* or Story's *Commentaries*, though neither of these works has exhausted the great theme of the American Constitution.

We may allude here, not for the purpose of recrimination, but rather for the singularity of such an oversight in such a quarter, to a remark on the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, contained in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of Lord Brougham's *Political Philosophy*, also attributed to Mr. Senior. It is there stated that "*the democracy of the United States bullied Spain out of Louisiana.*"

A writer of so much pretension, and one who ventures to charge the whole body of American statesmen with characteristic ignorance, ought to have been aware,

1. That Louisiana was ceded to the United States by *France* and not Spain.

2. That France was then under the government of Napoleon Bonaparte, a personage who had previously bullied all the powers of Europe, including England, into the peace of Amiens, and would not have been easily bullied out of anything by the United States.

3. That the proposal for the cession of Louisiana came from France and not from the United States.

The latter had experienced considerable inconvenience from the refusal of Spain, while Louisiana remained in her hands, to allow us a right of deposit at New Orleans. At the retrocession of the colony by Spain to France, Mr. Jefferson deputed Mr. Monroe to open a negotiation with Napoleon for the cession of New Orleans and a little territory in its vicinity. The First Consul had procured the retrocession of Louisiana from Spain, at a time when Europe appeared to be about settling down upon the basis of peace, with the intention of keeping it. But before Mr. Monroe's arrival at Paris, appearances had changed in this respect, and a new war had become certain. The maritime superiority of Great Britain would have enabled her to take possession of Louisiana at once, had it remained in the hands of France; and anything that Napoleon could obtain by ceding it to us, was, of course, clear profit. When Mr. Monroe presented himself with his proposal to

purchase New Orleans, he was accordingly met by an *offer from France* to cede the whole colony. Perceiving the importance of the overture, and the expediency of striking while the iron was hot, he took the responsibility, without waiting for instructions, of accepting, and concluded a treaty upon this basis. This energetic, and at the same time profoundly sagacious act, ought,—had he never rendered any other service to the country,—to shield Mr. Monroe from the reproach of mediocrity that has sometimes been thrown upon him, and to place him on the list of our most distinguished chief magistrates and statesmen.

Such was the manner in which "*the democracy of the United States bullied Spain out of Louisiana.*"

In a subsequent passage of the article last quoted, we find the following highly flattering remarks upon our national character.

"To the influences which thus corrupt and degrade the person, who is both her chief magistrate and prime minister, we attribute much of the deterioration of the public, and, we fear we must add, private character of America,—the bluster, the vanity, the rapacity, the violence and the fraud which render her a *disgrace to democratic institutions and a disgrace to the Anglo-Saxon race.*"

This violent language is explained, but, we think, not justified by the fact that Mr. Senior lost ten thousand pounds by the failure of the United States Bank. No one can be less disposed than we are to defend the proceedings of that institution, or regret more deeply that so estimable a person should have lost money by it; but Mr. Senior, as a philosopher, ought to bear a merely pecuniary loss with more equanimity; and, especially, ought not to visit upon a whole nation the sins of a corporation, substantially under the control of one individual, whose course has been distinctly reprobated by the government of the Union and a very large majority of the citizens.

WILEY & PUTNAM have begun a *Foreign Library*, uniform with their *Library of Choice Reading*. Vols. 1 and 2 are the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini* written by himself, and translated by Roscoe. We read this work many years ago, with much interest. The vanity, fury and extravagance of the artist, are, however, rather monotonous. Vols. 28 and 33 of their other library, are *English Comic Writers, by Hazlitt*—and, thrice welcome, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

We have received *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for November. Practical and useful, as usual.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Novels and Miscellaneous Works of Daniel De Foe; with a Biographical Memoir of the Author, Literary Prefaces to the various pieces, and illustrative Notes; including all contained in the Edition attributed to the late Sir Walter Scott, with considerable additions.* 20 vols. 8vo. Oxford: 1842.
2. *The Works of Daniel De Foe; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT, jun. 3 vols. Royal 8vo. London: 1843.

It is with De Foe dead, as it was with De Foe living. He stands apart from the circle of the reigning wits of his time. Along with their names, his name is not called over. What in this respect was the fashion formerly, is the fashion still; and whether sought for in the histories of Smollett or of Lord Mahon, his niche is vacant. He is to be found, if at all, aloof from his great contemporaries. His life, to be fairly written, should be written as the "Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Daniel De Foe, who lived above Seventy Years all alone, in the Island of Great Britain."

He was born much about the time of that year of grace, 1661, when Mr. Pepys and his wife, walking in Whitehall Gardens, saw "the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine, laced with rich lace at the bottom," that ever they saw: "it did me good to look at them," adds the worthy man. There was but little in those days to do anybody good. The people, drunk with the orgies of the Restoration, rejoiced in the gay dissoluteness of the court. To be a bad Englishman and a worse Christian, was to be a good Protestant and a loyal subject. Sheldon governed the church, and Clarendon the state; the bishop having no better charity than to bring a Presbyterian preacher into contempt, and the chancellor no better wisdom than to reduce him to beggary. While Sheldon entertained his dinner-table with caricatures of a dissenting minister's sermon, "till," says one of his guests, "it made us all burst;" Clarendon was drawing up that Act of Uniformity, by which, in one day, he threw out three thousand ministers from the benefices they held.

This was in 1662; and the beginning of that system of religious persecution, under which, with God's blessing, the better part of the English character re-awakened, and the hardy virtues of Dissent struck root and flourished. Up to this time, vast numbers of the Presbyterians, strongly attached to monarchy, desired but a reasonable settlement of Episcopacy; and would have given in their adherence to any moderate system. The hope of such a compromise was now rudely closed. In 1663 the Conventicle Act was passed, punishing with transportation a third offence of attendance on any worship but that of the church; and while the plague was raging, two years after, the Oxford Act banished five miles from any corporate town all who should refuse a certain oath, which no Non-conformist could honestly take. Secret, stealthy worship was the resource left; and other things thrived in secret with it, which would less have prospered openly. Substantial citizens, wealthy tradesmen, even gossiping secretaries to the admiralty, began to find other employment than the criticism of Lady Castlemaine's lace, or admiration of Mistress Nell Gwynne's linen. It appeared to be dawning on them at last, that they were really living in the midst of infamy and baseness; that

buffoons and courtesans were their rulers; that defeat and disgrace were their portion; that a Dutch fleet was riding in their channel, and a perjured and pensioned popish despot sitting on their throne.

The indulgence granted to dissenters in the year of the Dutch war, (the previous year had been one of fierce persecution,) opened, among other meeting-houses, that of Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; where the Rev. Dr. Annesley, ejected from his living of Cripplegate by the Act of Uniformity, administered his godly lessons. Under him there sat, in that congregation of earnest listeners, the family of a wealthy butcher of St. Giles, Cripplegate; and the worthy minister would stop approvingly, as he passed the seats of Mr. Foe, to speak to that bright-eyed lad of eleven, by name Daniel, whose activity and zeal in the good cause were already such, that, in fear their Popish governors might steal away their printed Bibles, he had "worked like a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch." For the gleam of liberty to dissenters had been but a veil for the like indulgence to Papists; and it was known at this very time, that the high-minded Richard Baxter had refused a bribe of £50 a year, to give in his public approval of these questionable favors of the crown.

Mr. James Foe seems to have been proud of his son Daniel. He gave him the best education which a dissenter had it in his power to give. He sent him to the then famous academy at Newington Green, kept by Mr. Charles Morton, an excellent Oxford scholar, and a man of various and large ability; whom Harvard College in New England afterwards chose for vice president, when driven by ecclesiastical persecution to find a home beyond the Atlantic. Here the lad was put through a course of theology; and was set to study the rudiments of political science. These things Mr. Morton reckoned to be a part of education. He also acquired a competent knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy; of logic, geography, and history; and when he left the school, was reasonably accomplished in Latin and Greek, and in French and Italian. He had made himself known, too, as a "boxing English boy;" who never struck his enemy when he was down. All this he recounted with no immodest or unmanly pride, when assailed in after life for his mean dissenter's education; and he added that there was a fifth language, beside those recounted, in which it had been Mr. Morton's endeavor to practise and improve his scholars. "He read all his lectures, gave all his systems, whether of philosophy or divinity, and had all his declaimings and dissertations, in English. We were not critics in the Greek and Hebrew, perfect in languages, and perfectly ignorant, if that term may be allowed, of our mother tongue. We were not destitute of languages, but we were made masters of English; and more of us excelled in that particular, than of any school at that time."

So passed the youth of Daniel Foe, in what may be well accounted a vigorous and healthy English training. With sharp and strong faculties, with early and active zeal, he looked out from his honest father's home and his liberal teacher's study, upon a course of public events well fitted to enforce, by dint of bitter contrast, the value of high courage, of stern integrity, and of unbending faithfulness. He would be told, by all whom he esteemed, of the age of great deeds and thoughts which had lately passed away; and thus early would learn the difference, on which he dwelt in

one of his first writings, between the grand old blind schoolmaster of Bunhill-fields, just buried in his father's parish of Cripplegate, and the ribald crowd of profligate poets lounging and sauntering in St. James'. There is no better school for the love of virtue, than that of hatred and contempt for vice. He would hear discussed, with fervid and honest indignation, the recall of the indulgence in 1674, after the measures for the relief of dissent had been defeated; the persecution of Baxter and Manton in the following year; the subsequent gross interference of the bishops against a final effort for accommodation; and the fierce cruelty of the penal laws against nonconformists, between 1676 and 1678. Then, in the latter memorable year, he would find himself involved in that sudden and fierce reaction of the anti-papist feeling of the time, which, while Protestants and Presbyterians were groaning under a popish prince, sent numberless innocent Roman Catholic gentlemen to Protestant and Presbyterian scaffolds.

When the rage of the so-called Popish Plot burst forth, Mr. Morton's favorite pupil was in his seventeenth year. We need not say how freely we condemn that miserable madness; or in what scorn we hold the false-hearted spies and truculent murderers, whose worthless evidence sacrificed so many noble and gentle lives. But we as little doubt that, to honest Presbyterians then existing, the thing was not that cruel folly it now seems to us; and we can understand their welcoming at last, in even that wild frenzy, a popular denunciation of the faith which they knew to be incompatible with both civil and religious liberty, yet knew to be the faith of him who held and of him who was to succeed to the throne. Out of the villany of the court sprang this counter villany of Titus Oates; and the meetings in which that miscreant harangued the London citizens, were the first effectual demonstration against the government of Charles II. We will not wonder, then, that there was often to be seen among his crowds of excited listeners, but less excited than they, a middle-sized, spare, active, keen-eyed youth—the son of Mr. Foe of Cripplegate.

At these meetings were first heard banded from side to side, the two not least memorable words in English history. Then broke forth, when the horrible cruelties of Lauderdale were the theme, groans of sympathy for those tortured Cameronians who lived on the refuse, the "weak" of the milk, and so had got the Scotch name of *Whigs*; then, when justification was sought for like cruelties and tortures against the opposite faith, shouts of execration were hurled against the Papists who would murder Titus Oates, and who, for their thieving and villanous tendencies, had got the Irish name of *Tories*. Young Foe remembered this in after life; and described the blustering hero of these scenes, with a squat figure, a vulgar drawling voice, and (right in the centre of his broad flat face) a mouth of fit capacity for the huge lies it uttered, "calling every man a Tory that opposed him in discourse." For be it noted to the credit of the youth's sagacity, he did not even now, to adopt his own expression, "come up to all the extravagances of some people in their notions of the Popish plot." He believed, indeed, that wherever sincere Popery was, a conspiracy to act in conformity with it would not be far off. "I never blame men who, professing principles destructive of the constitution they live under, and believing it their just right to supplant it, act in

conformity to the principles they profess. I believe, if I were a Papist, I should do the same. But when we ran up that plot to general massacres, fleets of pilgrims, bits and bridles, knives, handcuffs, and a thousand such things, I confess, though a boy, I could not then, nor can now, come up to them. And my reasons were, as they still are, because I see no cause to believe the Papists to be fools, whatever else we had occasion to think them."

So saved from the general folly of the Presbyterian party, and intolerant only because a larger toleration was at stake, this manly and sagacious lad needed neither knife nor handcuff to save himself from a Papist. He walked through the thick of the riots with reliance on a stout oaken cudgel, which he called his "Protestant flail;" and laughed at the monstrous lies that fed the vulgar cravings, and kept taverns agape with terror. See him enter one, and watch the eager group. A fellow bawls forth the last invention against "the Papishes." It concerns the new building honest men took such pride in, and Papists, for a reason, hated so. It is about the "tall bully" of a monument; and everybody pricks up his ears. What has happened! "Why, last night, six Frenchmen came up and stole away the monument; and but for the watch, who stopped them as they were going over the bridge, and made them carry it back again, they might, for aught we know, have carried it over into France. These Papishes will never have done." Is the tale incredible? Not half so much, as that some of those assembled should stare and doubt it. But now steps forward "Mr. Daniel Foe." He repeats the story; and tells the unbelievers to satisfy their doubts by going to the spot, "where they'd see the workmen employed in making all fast again." The simpletons "swallowed the joke, and departed quite satisfied." The touch of reality sent it down. A genius for homely fiction had strolled into the tavern, and found its first victims. They deserved a ripe old age, and the reading of *Robinson Crusoe*.

But the strolling into taverns! It is little likely that Mr. Morton or the elder Mr. Foe would have sanctioned it; but the Presbyterian ministry was no longer, as it once had been, the youth's destination. He seems to have desired a more active sphere; and was put to the business of commerce. His precise employment has been questioned; but when his libellers in later life called him a hosier, he said he had never been apprentice to that craft, though he had been a trader in it; and it is tolerably certain that, in seven years from the present date, he had a large agency in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, as a kind of middleman between the manufacturer and the retail trader. He was a freeman of London by his birth; on embarking in this business of hose-factor, he entered the livery; and he wrote his name in the chamberlain's book, "Daniel Foe."

Seven eventful years. Trade could not so absorb him, but that he watched them with eager interest. Nor without hope. Hope would brighten in that sensible manly heart, when it most deserted weaker men's. When the king, alarmed, flung off his lounging sloth for crueller enjoyments; when lampoons and ballads of the streets became fiercer than even Portsmouth's impudence; when such serious work was afoot, that a satire by Dryden counted more at court than an indecency by Rochester; when bills to exclude a

Papish succession were lost in the upper house but by a phalanx of Protestant bishops, and the lower house, that had passed them, rudely dissolved by a furious monarch and intemperately assailed by his servile churchmen, was calmly defended by a Sydney and a Somers; when, the legitimate field of honest warfare closed, dark conspiracies and treasons took its place, and the boasts of the reckless Shaftesbury passed from mouth to mouth, that he'd walk the king leisurely out of his dominions, and make the Duke of York a vagabond on the earth like Cain;—no fear was likely to depress, and no bragging was needed to keep in hope, a shrewd, clear intellect. The young Cornhill merchant told his countrymen afterwards, how it had gone with him then; how tyranny had taught him the value of liberty, Popery the danger of passive pulpits, and oppression how to prize the fence of laws; with what interest he had observed the sudden visit of the king's nephew, William of Orange, already the hero of the Protestant liberties of Europe, and lately wedded to the presumptive heiress of the throne; of what light esteem he held the monarch's disregard of that kinsman's prudent counsel; and with what generous anger, yet unshrinking spirit, he saw the men who could not answer Algernon Sydney's book, erect a scaffold to take off his head.

It was his first brave impulse to authorship of his own. In the year made infamous by the judicial murders of Russell and Sydney, he published his first political essay. It was a prose lampoon on high church absurdities; and, with much that would not bear present revival, bore the stamp of a robust new mind, fresh from the reading of Rabelais. It stirred the veteran libeller L'Estrange, and pamphlet followed pamphlet. It needs not to touch the controversy now. It is dead and gone. Oxford herself repudiates, with shame, the decree she passed in full convocation on the day of Russell's execution; promulgating, on pain of infamy here and damnation hereafter, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience; and anathematizing twenty-seven propositions from Milton, Baxter, and Godwin, Belarmino, Buchanan, and Hobbes, as seditious, scandalous, impious, blasphemous, heretical, and damnable.

Having fleshed his maiden pen, the young merchant soon resumed it, in a cause again involving religious liberty; with a spirit in advance of his party; and with force, decision, and success. The reign of Charles was now setting, in a sullen, dire persecution. Chapels were shut; ministers dying in jail; congregations scattered. A man who would not take the sacrament was whipped or pilloried; a man who would not take it kneeling, was plundered or imprisoned. "See there!" cried the sharp strong sense of Daniel Foe, (business had taken him to Windsor, and he had sauntered into St. George's Chapel with a friend)—"See that altar-piece! Our Saviour administers his last supper to his disciples sitting round the table; and, because we would copy that posture, the government oppresses us." Almost as he spoke, the end was approaching. Evelyn had seen the king the past Sunday evening, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine. A French boy sang love-songs in a glorious gallery; and, round a table groaning with a bank of two thousand golden pieces, a crew of profligate courtiers drank and gambled. "Six days after, all was in the dust;" and caps in the air for James the Second.

Of the new monarch's greetings, the most grovelling were the churchmen's and the lawyers'. The Bishop of Chester preached the divinity and infallibility of kings; the temple benchers and barristers went to court with the assurance that high prerogative, "in its fullest extent," was the subject's best security for liberty and property; and in every pulpit thanksgivings resounded. In the first months of the reign, our hose-factor of Freeman's Yard heard it publicly preached from one of these pulpits, that if the king commanded the subject's head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, the subject was bound to submit, and, as far as possible, facilitate his own decapitation. Close upon this came the sudden tidings of Monmouth's ill-fated landing; and of a small band of daring citizens who took horse and joined him, Daniel Foe was one. Perhaps he thought his head nearer danger than it was, and worth a stroke for safety. He knew, at any rate, but the better sides of Monmouth's character. He admired his popular manners. "None so beautiful, so brave as Absolon." He had seen him among the people in their sports; at races and at games; and thought his bearing sensible and manly. What matter if Lucy Waters was his mother! He knew him a sincere Protestant, and a lover of civil freedom. He remembered the more kindly his disgrace in the reign just passed, for having vainly striven to moderate Episcopal cruelties, in Scotland, when he saw the first Scottish act of the reign just begun, in a law to inflict death on conventicle preachers. In a word, our incipient rebel made no nice balance of danger and success. He saw what seemed to him liberty on the one side, and slavery on the other; and resolved, with whatever fortune, to strike a blow for the good cause. He mounted horse and joined the invaders; was with them in Bristol and at Bath; and very narrowly escaped the crash that followed.

There is little doubt that while Bishops Turner and Ken were prolonging Monmouth's agonies on the scaffold, for the chance of a declaration in favor of divine right and non-resistance; and while Jeffreys' bloody campaign, through the scenes of the late rebellion, was consigning his master and himself to eternal infamy; the young rebel-citizen had effected a passage over seas. At about this time, he certainly was absent from England; as certainly had embarked some capital in the Spanish and Portuguese trade; and no one has questioned his narrow escape from the clutch of Jeffreys. The mere escape had been enough for other men. His practical, unwearying, versatile energy, made it the means of new adventure; the source of a larger experience; the incentive to a more active life. He had seen Spain, Germany, and France, before he again saw Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and when he returned, it was with the name he has made immortal. He was now Daniel De Foe.

Whether the change was a piece of innocent vanity picked up in his travels, or had any more serious motive, it would be idle to inquire. By both names he was known to the last; but his books, in almost every instance, bore that by which he is known to posterity. He found a strange scene in progress on his return. The power of the king to dispense with the laws, had been affirmed by eleven out of the twelve judges; and he saw this monstrous power employed to stay the as monstrous persecution of Nonconformists and dissenters. A license purchased for fifty

shillings had opened the prison doors of Richard Baxter; but the sturdy lovers of freedom who purchased that license, acknowledged, in the act of doing it, that they placed the king above the laws. It was a state of things in which men of the clearest sight had lost their way, and the steadiest were daily stumbling. William Penn had gone up to court with a deputation of thanks; he was seconded by not a few Presbyterians; he had the support of all those classes of dissent whose idea of religion rejected altogether the alliance of civil government; and though the main Presbyterian body stood aloof, it was in an attitude of deference and fear, without dignity, without self-reliance. For a while De Foe looked on in silence; and then resolutely took his course.

Of James the Second's sincerity there is no doubt; and as little of his bigotry and meanness. He had the obstinate weakness of his father. "There goes an honest gentleman," said the Archbishop of Rheims, some year or two later, "who lost three kingdoms for a mass." His unwearied, sole endeavor, from the hour in which he ascended the throne to that in which he was hurled from it, was to establish the Roman Catholic religion in England. When the church that had declared resistance unchristian, and proffered him unconditional obedience, refused him a single benefice, fat or lean, and kept his hungering Popish doctors outside the butteries of her Oxford colleges; the dissenters became his hope. If he could array dissent against the church, there was an entrance yet for Rome. It was his passion. He had none other. It stood him in the stead of every other faith. When the game went wholly against him, he had no better courage. He thought but of "raising the host," and winning it that way.

De Foe understood both game and gambler. We could name no man of the time who understood them so clearly as this young trader of Cornhill. He saw the false position of all parties; the blundering clash of interests, the wily complications of policy. He spoke with contempt of a church that, with its "fawning, whining, canting sermons," had played the Judas to its sovereign. He condemned the address-making dissenters, who, in their zeal for religious liberty, had forgotten civil freedom. He exposed the conduct of the king, as, in plain words, a fraudulent project, "to create a feud between dissenters and the establishment, and so destroy both in the end." And, with emphatic eloquence, he exhorted the Presbyterian party, that now, if ever, they should make just and reasonable terms with the church; that now, if ever, should her assumption of superiority, her disdain of equal intercourse, her denial of Christian brotherhood, be effectually rebuked; that between the devil sick and the devil well, there was a monstrous difference; and that, failing any present assertion of rights and guarantees, it would be hopeless to expect them when she should have risen, once more strengthened, from her humble diet and her recumbent posture.

The advice and warning were urged in two masterly publications. The dissenters condemned them, and took every occasion to disclaim their author. De Foe had looked for no less. In his twenty-sixth year, he found himself that solitary, resolute, independent thinker, which, up to his seventieth year, he remained. What he calls the "grave, weak, good men" of the party, did not fail to tell him of his youth and inexperience; but

for all that fell out, he had prepared himself abundantly. "He that will serve men, must not promise himself that he shall not anger them. I have been exercised in this usage even from a youth. I had their reproaches when I blamed their credulity and confidence in the flatteries and caresses of Popery; and when I protested against addresses of thanks for an illegal liberty of conscience founded on a dispensing power." He was thus early initiated in the transcendent art of thinking and standing alone.

Whoso can do this manfully, will find himself least disposed to be alone, when any great good thing is in progress. De Foe would have worked with the meanest of the men opposed to him, in the business of the nation's deliverance. He knew that Dyckvelt was now in England, in communication with the leaders of both parties in the state. He had always honored the steady-purposed Dutchman's master as the head of the league of the great European confederacy, which wanted only England to complete its noble purposes. He believed it to be the duty of that prince, connected both by birth and marriage with the English throne, to watch the course of public affairs in a country, which by even the natural course of succession he might be called to govern. But he despised the tory attempt to mix up a claim of legitimacy with the greater design of elective sovereignty; and laughed with the hottest of the jacobites at the miserable warning-pan plot. He felt, and was the first to state it in print at the time, that the title to the throne was but in another form the more sacred title of the people to their liberties. So he mounted his "rebel" horse once more when he heard of the landing at Torbay. He was with the army of William when James precipitately fled; he was at the bar of the house of lords when Hampden took up the vote of non-allegiance to a Popish sovereign, and when the memorable resolution of the 13th of February declared that no king had reigned in England since the day of James' flight; he heard William's first speech to the houses five days later; and, "gallantly mounted and richly accoutred," he was foremost in the citizen troop of volunteer-horse, who were William and Mary's guard of honor at their first visit to Guildhall.

De Foe never ceased to commemorate William's bearing in these passages of his life. While the convention debates were in progress, the calmly resolute stadtholder had staid, secluded, at St. James'. Sycophants sought access to him, counsellors would have advised with him in vain. He invited no popularity; he courted no party. The only tory chief who spoke with him, came back to tell his friends that he set "little value on a crown." The strife, the heat, the violent animosity, the doubtful success—all which in these celebrated debates seemed to affect his life and fortune—moved him not. He desired nothing to be concealed from him; he said nothing to his informants. This only was known—he would not hold his crown by the apron-strings of his wife. He would not reign but as an independent sovereign. "They are an inconstant people, Marshal," he quietly observed to Schomberg.

Here, then, was a man who could also stand alone. Here was a king for such a subject as De Foe. And the admiration conceived of him by the citizen merchant deepened into passion. He revered him, loved, and honored him; and kept as a festive day in his house, even to the

close of his life, the day on which he was born and landed. Its first celebration was held at a country house in Tooting, which it would seem De Foe now occupied; and the manner of it was in itself some proof of what we do not need to be told, that the resolute, practical habits of this earnest, busy man, were not unattended by that genial warmth of nature which alone gives strength of character such as his, and without which never public virtue, and rarely private, comes quite to its maturity. In this village, too, in this year of the revolution, we find him occupied in erecting a meeting-house; in drawing together a nonconformist congregation; and in providing a man of learning for their minister. It was an object always near his heart. For every new foundation of that kind went some way toward the rendering dissent a permanent separate interest, and an independent political body, in the state; and the church's reviving heats made the task at once imperative and easy. Wherever intemperate language, and overbearing, arrogant persecution, are characteristics of the highest churchmen—should we marvel that sincere church-goers turn frightened from the flame incessantly flickering about those elevated rods, which they had innocently looked to for safe conductors?

But in the midst of his labors and enjoyments, there came a stroke of evil fortune. He had married some little time before this, (nothing further is known on that head, but that in the course of his life he had two wives, the first named Mary, and the second Susannah;) and, with the prospect of a family growing up around him, he saw his fortune swept suddenly away by a large unsuccessful adventure. One angry creditor took out a commission of bankruptcy; and De Foe, submitting meanwhile to the rest a proposition for amicable settlement, fled from London. A prison paid no debts, he said. "The cruelty of your laws against debtors, without distinction of honest or dishonest, is the shame of your nation. He who is unable to pay his debts at once, may be able to pay them at leisure; and you should not meanwhile murder him by law." So, from himself to his fellow-men, he reasoned always. No wrong or wretchedness ever befell De Foe, which he did not turn to the use and profit of his kind. To what he now struggled with, through two desperate years, they mainly owed, seven years later, that many most atrocious iniquities prevailing in the bankrupt refuges of *Whitefriars* and the *Mint* were repressed by statute; and that the small relief of William's act was at least reluctantly vouchsafed. He had pressed the subject with all his power of plain strong sense; and with a kind of rugged impressiveness, as of the cry of a sufferer.

His place of retreat appears to have been in Bristol. Doubtless he had merchant friends there. An acquaintance of his last excellent biographer, (Walter Wilson,) mentions it as an honorable tradition in his family, that at this time one of his Bristol ancestors had often seen and spoken with "the great De Foe." They call him the *Sunday Gentleman*, he said; because, through fear of the bailiffs, he did not dare to appear in public upon any other day; while on that day he was sure to be seen, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side, passing through the Bristol streets. But no time was lost with De Foe; whether watched by bailiffs, or laid hold of by their betters. He wrote, in his present retire-

ment, that famous *Essay*, which went far to form the intellect and direct the pursuits of the most clear and practical genius of the succeeding century. "There was also," says Benjamin Franklin, describing the little library in his uncle's house, "a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking, that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life."

He composed the *Essay* here; though it was not published until two years later. What the tendency of the age would be (partly by the influence of the revolution, for commerce and religious freedom have ever prospered together; partly by the financial necessities of the war, and the impulse thereby given to projects and adventure) he had promptly discerned, and would have turned to profitable uses in this most shrewd, wise, and memorable piece of writing. It suggested reforms in the system of banking, and a plan for central country banks; it pointed out the enormous advantages of an efficient improvement of the public roads, as a source of public benefit and revenue; it recommended, for the safety of trade, a mitigation of the law against the honest bankrupt, and a more effectual law against practised knavery; it proposed the general establishment of offices for insurance, "in every case of risk;" it impressively enforced the expediency of Friendly Societies, and of a kind of Savings Bank, among the poor; and, with eloquence and clear-sightedness far in advance of the time, it urged the solemn necessity of a greater care of Lunatics, which it described as "a particular rent-charge on the great family of mankind."

A man may afford to live alone who can make solitude eloquent with such designs as these. What life there is in them! what a pregnant power and wisdom, thrown broad-cast over the fields of the future! It might not be ill, it seems to us, to transfer to this bankrupt fugitive, this Sunday Gentleman and every-day earnest Workman, with no better prospect than a bailiff visible from his guarded window, some part of that honor and glory we too freely assign to more prosperous actors in the busy period of the revolution. Cou'd we move by the four days' Bristol coach to London, from the side of our hero, it would be but a paltry scene that awaited us there. We should find the great sovereign obliged to repose his trust where no man could trust with safety. There would the first rank growth of the new-gotten Liberty greet us in its most repulsive forms. There we should see the double game of treachery to the reigning and to the banished sovereign, played out with unscrupulous perfidy by rival statesmen; opposition and office but varying the sides of treason, from William to James. There would be the versatile Halifax, receiving a Jacobite agent "with open arms." There would be the dry, reserved Godolphin, engaged in double service, though without a single bribe, to his actual and to his lawful sovereign. There would be the soldier Churchill, paid by William, taking secret gold from James, and tarnishing his imperishable name with an infamous treachery to England.

And all this, wholly unredeemed by the wit and literature which graced the years of noisy faction to which it was the prelude. As yet Pope was an infant in the cradle; Addison and Steele were boys at school; Bolingbroke was reading Greek at Christ Church; and Swift was amanuensis in Sir William Temple's house, for his board and

twenty pounds a-year. The laureateship of Dryden has fallen on Shadwell; even Garth's *Dispensary* has not yet been writ; Mr. Tate and Mr. Brady are dividing the town; the noble accents of Locke on behalf of toleration are inaudible in the press; but Sir Richard Blackmore prepares his epics; and Bishop Burnet sits down in some terrible passion, to write a character in his history. We are well content to return to Bristol, and take humbler part with the fortunes of Daniel De Foe.

We have not recounted all the projects of his *Essay*. The great design of education was embraced in it, and a furtherance of the interests of letters. It proposed an academy, on the plan of that founded in France by Richelieu, to "encourage polite learning, establish purity of style, and advance the so much neglected faculty of correct language;"—urging upon William, how worthy of his high destiny it would be to eclipse Louis Quatorze in the peaceful arts, as much as he had eclipsed him in the field of battle. Nor let us omit recital of the military college he would have raised; of his project for abolition of impressment; and of his college for the education of women. His rare and high opinion of women had given him a just contempt for the female training of his time. He could not think, he said, that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves. "A woman, well-bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behavior, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight." The passage reminds us of the best writings of Steele.

His Bristol exile was now closed, by the desired arrangement with his creditors. They consented to compound his liabilities for five thousand pounds, and to take his personal security for the payment. In what way he discharged this claim, and what reward they had who trusted him, an anecdote of thirteen years' later date (set down in the book of an enemy) will tell. While the coffee-houses raged against him at the opening of the reign of Anne, a knot of intemperate assailants in one of them were suddenly interrupted by a person who sat at a table apart from theirs. "Come, gentlemen," he said, "let us do justice. I know this De Foe as well as any of you. I was one of his creditors; compounded with him, and discharged him fully. Years afterward he sent for me; and though he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the remainder of his debt voluntarily, and of his own accord; and he told me, that, so far as God should enable him, he meant to do so with everybody." The man added, that he had placed his signature to a paper of acknowledgment, after a long list of other names. Of many witnesses to the same effect, only one other need be cited. Four years later, when the house of lords was the scene of a libel worse than that of the coffee-house disputants, but with no one to interrupt it, De Foe himself made an unpretending public statement, to the effect that the sums he had at that time discharged of his own mere motion, without obligation, "with a numerous family, and no help but his own industry," amounted to upwards of twelve thousand pounds. Not as a matter of pride did he state this, but to intimate that he had not failed in duty. The discharge of law could not discharge the conscience. "The obligation of an honest mind can never die."

He did not return to Freeman's Court. He had other views. Some foreign merchants, by whom he was held in high esteem, desired to settle him as a large factor in Cadiz; but he could not be induced to leave England. It was his secret hope to be able to serve the king. Nor had many months passed before we find him "concerned with some eminent persons at home," in proposing ways and means to the government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war. Resulting in some sort from this employment, seems to have been the office he held for four years, (till the determination of the commission,) of accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty. And without violence, one may suppose it to be not distantly a part of the same desire to draw round him a certain association with the interests and fortunes of his sovereign, that he also at this time undertook a large adventure in the making of what were called Dutch pantiles. He established extensive tile-kiln and brick-kiln works at Tilbury, on the Thames; where it was his boast, for several years, to have given employment "to more than a hundred poor workmen." He took a house, too, by the side of the river, and amused himself with a sailing boat he kept there.

We fancy him now, not seldom, among the rude, daring men who made the shore of the great London river, in those days, a place of danger and romance:—"Friends of the sea, and foes of all that live on it." He knew, it is certain, the Kyds as well as the Dampiers, of that adventurous, bucaniering, ocean breed. With no violent effort, we now imagine him fortifying his own resolution and contempt of danger by theirs; looking, through their rough and reckless souls, face to face, with that appalling courage they inherited from the vikings and sea-conquerors of old; listening their risks and wanderings for a theme of robust example, some day, to reading landmen; and already, it may be, throwing forward his pleased and stirred imagination into solitary wildernesses and desert islands, "placed far amid the melancholy main."

But for the present, he turns back with a more practical and earnest interest to the solitary resident at St. James'. It will not be too much to say, that the most unpopular man in England now, was the man who had saved England. The pensioner of France, the murderer of Vane and Sydney, had more popularity for lounging about with his spaniels, and feeding the ducks in St. James' Park, than was ever attained by him who had rescued and exalted two great countries; to whom the depressed Protestant interest throughout the world owed its renovated hope and strength; and who had gloriously disputed Europe with Louis XIV.

We are far from thinking William a faultless prince; but what to princes who have since reigned has been a plain and beaten path, was rendered so by his experience and example; and our wonder is, not that he stumbled, but that he was able to walk at all in the dark and thorny road he travelled. He undertook the vexed, and till then unsolved, problem of constitutional government; but he came to rule as a monarch, and not as a party chief. He, whom foolish bigots libel with their admiration, came to unite, and not to separate; to tolerate, and not to persecute; to govern one people, and not to raise and depress alternate classes. Of the many thousand churchmen who had been preaching passive obedience

before his arrival, only four hundred refused to acknowledge his government of resistance; but he lived to find those four hundred his most honorable foes. He was overthrown by his church in his first attempt to legislate in a spirit of equal religious justice. His whig ministers withdrew from him what they thought an unjust prerogative, because they had given him what they thought a just title; his tory opposition refused him what they counted a just prerogative, on the ground of what they held to be an unjust title. Tories joined with whigs against a standing army; whigs joined with tories against a larger toleration. "I can see no difference between them," said William to the elder Halifax, "but that the tories would cut my throat in the morning, and the whigs in the afternoon."

And yet there was a difference. The whigs would have given him more than that "longer day." In the tory ranks there was no public character so pure as that of Somers; in the high-church bishops there was no intellect equal to Burnet's; among the tory financiers, there was no such clear accomplishment and wit as those of Charles Montagu, the later Halifax. When De Foe flung himself into the struggle on the king's behalf, he was careful to remember this. In all his writings he failed not to enforce it. When he most grieved that there should be union to exact from the Deliverer of England what none had ever thought of exacting from her enslavers, it was that men so different should compose it. When he supported a moderate standing army against the whigs, it was with a whig reason; that "not the king, but the sword of England in the hand of the king, should secure peace and religious freedom." When he opposed a narrow civil-list against the whigs, it was with no tory reason; but because "William's perils have been our safety, his labors our ease, his cares our comfort, his continued harassing and fatigue our continued calm and tranquillity." Nay, when he opposed the king himself in his *Reasons against a War with France*, it was on a ground which enabled the whigs, soon after, to prosecute and direct the mighty struggle which forever broke the tyranny and supremacy of France. "He that desires we should end the war honorably, ought to desire also that we begin it fairly. Natural antipathies are no just ground of a war against nations; neither popular opinions; nor is every invasion of a right a good reason for war, until redress has first been peaceably demanded."

If William was to find himself again reconciled to the whigs, it would be by the influence of such whiggery as this. Indeed, it soon became apparent to him, even in the midst of general treachery, by which of the traitors he could most efficiently be served; and when, aware of the Jacobite correspondence of the whig Duke of Shrewsbury, he sent him a colonel of guards with the seals of office in one hand and a warrant of treason in the other, to give him choice of the cabinet or the Tower, he but translated, in his decisive fearless way, the shrewd practical counsel of Daniel De Foe.

That this merchant financier and speculator, this wary advocate, this sagacious politician, this homely earnest man of business, should soon have made his value known to such a sovereign, we cannot doubt. It was not till a later service, indeed, that the private cabinet of William was open to him; but, before the queen's death, it is certain

he had access to the palace, and that she had consulted him in her favorite task of laying out Hampton Court Gardens. It is, to us, very pleasing to contemplate the meeting of such a sovereign and such a subject, as William and De Foe. There was something not dissimilar in their physical and moral aspect. The king was the elder by ten years; but the middle size, the spare figure, the hooked nose, the sharp chin, the keen grey eye, the large forehead, and grave appearance, were common to both. William's manner was cold, except in battle; De Foe's, unless he spoke of civil liberty. There would be little recognition of literature on either hand; and less expected. When the stadtholder, in his practical way, complimented St. Evremont on having been a major-general in France, the dandy man of letters took offence; but if the king merely spoke to De Foe as one who had borne arms with Monmouth, we would answer for it there was no disappointed vanity. Here, in a word, was profound good sense on both sides; substantial scorn of the fine and the romantic; impassive firmness; a good, broad, buffeting style of procedure; and dauntless force of character:—a king who ruled by popular choice; and a subject who represented that choice without a tinge of faction.

Of how few then living, but De Foe, might that last remark be made! Of how few even of the best whigs, that their whiggism found no support in personal spite! At this very time, old Dryden could but weep when he thought of Prior and Charles Montagu, ("for two young fellows I have always been civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner:") but De Foe, even while assailing the license of the stage, spoke respectfully of Dryden, and when condemning his changes in later years, made admission of his "extraordinary genius." At this time, Prior, so soon to become a Jacobite, was writing to Montagu that he had "faced old James and all his court, the other day, at St. Cloud; *vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is; lean, worn, and riv'led:" but De Foe, in the publication wherein he most had exalted William, had described with his most manly pathos James' personal maltreatment and desertion.

We repeat that the great sovereign would find, in such a spirit as this, the nearest resemblance to his own; and, it may be, the best ultimate corrective of that weary impatience of the factions, which made his English sovereignty so hard a burden. It was better discipline, on the whole, than he had from his old friend, Sir William Temple, whom, on his difficulty with the ultra-faction Triennial bill, he went to Moor Park to consult. The wary diplomatist could but set his Irish amanuensis to draw up wise precedents for the monarch's quiet digestion of the bill, whigs, tories, and all; and the monarch could but drily express his thanks to Mr. Jonathan Swift, by teaching him to digest asparagus, against all precedent, by swallowing stalks and all.

These great questions of triennial bill, of treason bill, of settlement securities bill, whether dictated by wisdom or by faction, we need touch but lightly here. All worked wisely. Urged by various motives, they tended to a common end. Silently, steadily, securely, while the roar of dispute and discontent raged and swelled above, the solid principles of the revolution were rooting themselves deep in the soil below. The censorship of the press expired in 1694; no man in the

state was found to suggest its renewal; and it passed away forever. What, before, it had been the interest of government to impeach, it was now its interest to maintain; what the Tories formerly would have checked in the power of the house of commons, their interests now compelled them to extend. All became committed to the principle of resistance; and, whether for party or for patriotism, liberty was the cry of all. De Foe turned aside from politics, when their aspect seemed for a time less virulent; and applied himself to what is always of intimate connection with them, and of import yet more momentous—the moral aspects of the time.

We do not, however, think he always penetrated with success to the heart of a moral question. He was somewhat obstructed, at the threshold, by the more formal and limited points of Presbyterian breeding; and there were depths in morals and in moral causes, which undoubtedly he never sounded. The more practical and earnest features of his character had in this respect brought their disadvantages; and on some points stopped him short of that highest reach and grace of intellect, which in a consummate sense constitute the ideal, and take leave of the merely shrewd, solid, acute and palpable. The god of matter-of-fact and reality, is not always in these things a divine god. But there was a manliness and courage well worthy of him, in the general tone he took, and the game at which he flew. He represented in his essay, the *Poor Man*; his object was to show that acts of Parliament were useless, which enabled those who administered them to pass over in their own class what they punished in classes below them; he arraigned that tendency of our laws, which has since passed into a proverb, to "punish men for being poor;" and he set forth a petition, pregnant with sense and wit, that the stocks and house of correction should be straightway abolished, "till the nobility, gentry, justices of the peace, and clergy, will be pleased to reform their own manners." He lived in an age of Justice Midases and Parson Trullibers, and assails both with singular bitterness. "The parson preaches a thundering sermon against drunkenness, and the justice sets my poor neighbor in the stocks; and I am like to be much the better for either, when I know that this same parson and this same justice were both drunk together but the night before."

He knows little of De Foe who would suspect him of a class-prejudice of his own in this. When, in the present year, the Presbyterian lord mayor, going in his robes and chain in the morning to the church, and in the afternoon to the Pinners' Hall meeting-house, raised a vehement and bitter discussion on the question of occasional conformity; ardent dissenter though he was, De Foe did not hesitate to take part with the church. He could not see, he said, why Sir Humphrey Edwin should wish, like a boy upon a holiday, to display his fine clothes at either church or meeting-house. In a religious view, he thought that if it was a point of conscience with a dissenter not to conform to the established church; he could not possibly receive a dispensation to do so from the mere fact of his holding a civic office; in a political view, he thought what was called occasional conformity, a surrender of the dignity and independence of dissent, likely to lead to larger and dangerous concessions; and he maintained these opinions with great force of argument. He was in the right;

and the party never forgave him. On no question, no matter how deeply affecting their common interests, could they afterwards bring themselves to act cordially with De Foe. Ministers took his moral treatises into their pulpits with them, but they were careful to suppress his name.

Another point of attack in his publications on the manners of his time, had reference to the stage. With whatever views we approach the consideration of this subject, there can be but one opinion of the existing condition of the theatres. They were grossly profligate. Since that year after the restoration in which Mr. Evelyn saw the performance of *Hamlet*, and had reason to note that "the old plays begin to disgust this refined age, since his majesty's being so long abroad," vice had made its home in the theatres. Nor had any check been at this time given to it. The severe tone of William's court had made the contrast but more extreme. Collier had not yet published his *Short View*. Burnet had not yet written that volume of his *Own Time*, wherein he described, with perhaps more sense than logic, the stage as the corrupter of the town, and the bad people of the town as the corrupters of the stage; and proclaimed it "a shame to our nation and religion to see the stage so reformed in France, and so polluted still in England." Neither was the evil merely left unrestrained. It had lately received potent assistance from the unequalled wit of Congreve, whose *Maskwell* and *Lady Touchwood* were now affecting even the lobbies with a touch of shame. Nevertheless, while we admit his excellent intention, we cannot think De Foe made any figure in the argument. He many times returned to it, but never with much effect. His objections would as freely have applied to the best-conducted theatre. Nor, in the special immoralities assigned, had he hit the point exactly. To bring women into the performance of characters, was a decided improvement. The morals of Charles II.'s age, though openly and generally worse, were, in special respects, not so bad as those of James I.; neither was the stage of even Wycherley and Etherege so deeply immoral as that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

We do not know if the Muses resented, in De Foe's case, this unfriendliness to one of their favorite haunts; but when he attempted to woo them on his account, they answered coyly to his call. A collection of Fugitive Verses, published by Dunton, appeared at this time—"made," says the eccentric bookseller, "by the chief wits of the age; namely, Mr. Moiteux, Mr. De Foe, Mr. Richardson, and, in particular, Mr. Tate, now poet-laureat." (Swift was among them too, but not important enough to be named.) And we must confess, of De Foe's contribution to the memory of his old Presbyterian pastor, that it seems to us rightly named fugitive; whether we apply the word actively to the poetry that flies away, or passively to that which makes the reader do the same. He lost a part of his strength, his facility, and his fancy, when he wrote in verse. Yet, even in verse, he made a lucky, nervous hit, now and then; and the best of his efforts was the *True-born Englishman*.

It appeared in 1701. It was directed against the bitter attacks from which William at that time suffered, on the ground of his birth and the friends he had ennobled. They were no true-born Englishmen: that was the cant in vogue. Mr. Tutchin's poem of *The Foreigners* was on everybody's

tongue. The feeling had vented itself, in the previous year, on that question of the dismissal of the Dutch Guards, which the king took so sorely to heart. The same feeling had forced the tories into power; it had swelled their tory majority with malecontent whigs; and it now threatened the fair and just rewards which William had offered to his deserving generals. It is recorded of him at this juncture, that even his great, silent heart gave way at last. "My guards have done for them what they could not do for themselves, and they send them from me." He paced his cabinet in uncontrollable emotion. He would have called out his assailants, he said, if he had been a private man. If he had not had the obligation of other than private duties, he would have resigned the crown.

Then it was that De Foe stepped in with his timely service. The *True-born Englishman* was a doggerel, but a fine one. It was full of earnest, weighty sense; of excellent history; of the nicest knowledge of our English character; and it thrust right home at the point in issue. It proved the undeniable truth, that, so far from being of pure birth and blood, Englishmen are the most mixed race on the earth; and owe their distinction over other feebler races to that very circumstance. While it exposed a vulgar prejudice, it flattered a reasonable vanity; and few things of a merely temporary interest have ever equalled its success. Its first two lines—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there"—

are all that can be said to have survived, of couplets that were then shouted from street to street. Beside the nine editions of which De Foe himself received the profit, upwards of twelve editions were pirated, printed, and sold, in defiance of his interdict. More than eighty thousand copies, we are told, were thus disposed of in the streets alone. But it is more important to have to remark, that it destroyed the cant against which it was directed. "Whereas, before, you had it in the best writers, and in the most florid speeches, before the most august assemblies, upon the most solemn occasions,"—now, without a blush or a laugh, you never heard it named.

It may be doubted if this great king had ever so deeply felt a service. His opportunities were few. De Foe has recorded how he was sent for to the palace, on the special occasion of his book; with what kindness he was received; "how employed; and how, above his capacity of deserving, rewarded." His free access to William's cabinet never ceased from this time. There are statements throughout his writings of the many points of public policy he had been permitted frankly to discuss with the sovereign. On the agitated questions of the partition-treaties, he was throughout consulted; and there was one grand theme, nobly characteristic of the minds of both, often recurring to in these interviews. It was the union of Scotland with England. "It shall be done," said William; "but not yet." Other things more nearly and closely pressed him then.

The rapid growth and march of the revolution might be aptly measured by the incidents and disputes of the last year of his reign. They turned solely on the power claimed by the lower house of legislature. In several ably-written pamphlets, and particularly in a *Letter* distinguished for its plain and nervous diction, (and in which the

grounds of popular representation were so happily condensed and clearly stated, that it has been a text-book of political disputants from the expulsion of Walpole and of Wilkes to the days of the reform bill,) De Foe impugned the full extent of the claim on the ground of a non-representation of the people; but a power had lately arisen within that house itself, indicative of the changed relations of the government of England; wiser in effect than the wisdom of Somers, more cunning than the cunning of Sunderland. "The tories," said the latter to William, "are better speakers than the whigs in the 'house of commons.'" It had arisen into a peculiar art—the art of oratory—there. Confessedly one of the most influential of its members was he whom the last three parliaments of William elected for their speaker; yet no man would have listened patiently for five minutes to Robert Harley, anywhere but in the house of commons. There, he was supreme. The country gentlemen voted for him, though they remembered that his family went to a meeting-house. The younger members put forth their most able and graceful representative to honor him, when Henry St. John seconded his third nomination. Posterity had cause to be grateful to him, when he joined tory and whig in a common demand for the best securities of the act of settlement. It was not genius, it was not eloquence, it was not statesmanship, that had given Harley this extraordinary power. It was house of commons tact. A thing born of the revolution; and destined, through whatever immediate effects, to strengthen and advance it in the end. For it rested on the largest principles, even while it appealed to the meanest passions.

There was something very striking in the notion of De Foe, to bring it suddenly face to face with those higher principles. His *Kentish Petition* and *Legion Memorial*, are in all the histories which relate the tory impeachment of William's four whig lords. It was creating a people, it is true, before the people existed; but it was done with the characteristic reality of genius, and had a startling effect. As Harley passed into the house, a man, muffled in a cloak, placed the *Memorial* in his hands. The speaker knew De Foe's person, and is said by the latter to have recognized him; but he kept his counsel.

No one has doubted, that in the excitement of the debates that followed, the whigs and William recovered much lost ground; and the coffee-houses began to talk mightily of a pamphlet, wherein Lord Portland figured as *Phocion*, Lord Oxford as *Themistocles*, Lord Halifax as *Pericles*, and Lord Somers as *Aristides*. The subsequent declaration of war against France, still further cheered and consoled the king. He sent for De Foe, received from him a scheme for opening new "channels of trade," in connection with the war, and assigned to him the main office of its execution. He felt that he ruled at last, and was probably never so reconciled to his adopted kingdom. But, in the midst of grand designs and hopes, he fell from his horse in hunting, sickened for a month, and died.

There are many *mock mourners* at royal deaths, and, in a poem with that title, De Foe would have saved his hero's memory from them. He claimed for him nobler homage than such tributes raise, "to damn their former follies by their praise." He told what these mourners were, while yet their living king appeared, "and what they knew they merited, they feared." He described what

has since become matter of history, that toast of "William's horse" which had lightened their festivities since his accident:—" 't would lessen much our woe, had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago." And he closed with eloquent mention of the heroic death which Burnet's relation made so distasteful to high church bigotry—

"No conscious guilt disturb'd his royal breast,
Calm as the regions of eternal rest."

The sincerity of the grief of De Foe had in this work lifted his verse to a higher and firmer tone. It was a heartfelt grief. There was no speeding the going, welcoming the coming sovereign, for De Foe. Nothing could replace, nothing too gratefully remember, the past. "I never forget his goodness to me," he said, when his own life was wearing to its close. "It was my honor and advantage to call him master as well as sovereign. I never patiently heard his memory slighted, nor ever can do so. Had he lived, he would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in this world." Ay! good, brave Daniel De Foe! There is indeed but sorry treatment now in store for you.

The accession of Anne was the signal for tory rejoicings. She was thirty-seven, and her character was formed and known. It was a compound of weakness and of bigotry, but in some sort these availed to counteract each other. Devotion to a high church principle was needful to her fearful conscience; but reliance on a woman-favorite was needful to her feeble mind. She found Marlborough and Godolphin in office, where they had been placed by their common kinsman, Sunderland; and she raised Godolphin to the post of lord-treasurer, and made Marlborough captain-general. Even if she had not known them to be tories, she would yet have done this; for she had been some years under the influence of Marlborough's strong-minded wife, and that influence availed to retain the same advisers when she found them converted whigs. The spirit of the great lives after them; and this weak, superstitious, "good sort of woman," little thought, when she uttered with so much enjoyment the slighting allusions to William in her first speech from the throne, that the legacy of foreign administration left by that great-minded sovereign, would speedily convert the tories, then standing by her side, into undeniable earnest whigs.

At first, all was well with the most highflying churchmen. Jacobites came in with proffered oaths of allegiance; the "landed interest" rubbed its hands with anticipation of discountenance to trade; tantivy parsons cried their loudest halloo against dissent; the martyrdom of Charles became the theme of pulpits, for comparison of the martyr to the Saviour; and, by way of significant hint of the royal sanctity, and the return of the throne to a more lineal succession, the gift of the royal touch was solemnly revived. Nor did the feeling explode in mere talk, or pass without practical seconding. The ministry introduced a bill against occasional conformity, the drift of which was to disqualify dissenters from all civil employments; and though the ministers themselves were indifferent to it, court bigotry pressed it so hard, that even the queen's husband, himself an occasional conformist, was driven to vote for it. "My heart is *vid* you," he said to Lord Wharton, as he divided against him. It was very charmingly *foreign* to the purpose.

The bill, passed by the tory house of commons, (where Harley had again been chosen speaker,) was defeated by the whig lords, to the ministers' great comfort. But the common people, having begun their revel of high church excitement, were not to be balked so easily. They pulled down a few dissenting chapels; sang high church songs in the streets; insulted known dissenters as they passed; and otherways orthodoxly amused themselves. It seemed to De Foe a little serious. On personal grounds he did not care for the bill, its acceptance, or its rejection; but its political tendency was unsafe; it was designed as an act of oppression; the spirit aroused was dangerous; and the attitude taken by dissenters wanted both dignity and courage. Nor let it be supposed, while he still looked doubtfully on, that he had any personal reason which would not strongly have withheld him from the fray. He had now six children; his affairs were again thriving; the works at Tilbury had reasonably prospered; and passing judgment, by the world's most favored tests, on the house to which he had lately removed at Hackney, on the style in which he lived there, and on the company he kept, it must be said that Daniel De Foe was at this time most "respectable" and well to do. He kept his coach, and visited county members. But as the popular rage continued, he waived prudential considerations. There was a foul-mouthed Oxford preacher named Sacheverell, who had lately announced from his pulpit to that intelligent university, that he could not be a true son of the church who did not lift up her banner against the dissenters; who did not hang out "the bloody flag and banner of defiance;" and this sermon was selling for twopence in the streets. It determined him, he tells us, to delay no longer. He would make an effort to stay the plague. And he wrote and published his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—without his name, of course.

Its drift was to personate the opinions and style of the most furious of the high-flying church party, and to set forth, with perfect gravity and earnestness, the extreme of the ferocious intolerance to which their views and wishes tended. We can conceive nothing so seasonable, or in the execution so inimitably real. We doubt if a finer specimen of serious irony exists in the language. In the only effective mode, it stole a march on the blind bigotry of the one party, and on the torpid dulness of the other. To have spoken to either in a graver tone, would have called forth a laugh or a stare. Only discovery could effect prevention. A mine must be sprung, to show the combustibles in use, and the ruin and disaster they were fraught with. "Tis in vain," said the *Shortest Way*, "to trifle in this matter. We can never enjoy a settled uninterrupted union in this nation, till the spirit of whiggism, faction, and schism, is melted down like the old money. Here is the opportunity to secure the church, and to destroy her enemies. I do not prescribe fire and fagot, but *Delenda est Carthago*. They are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace or serve God. The light foolish handling of them by fines, is their glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the comptor, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged."

If a justification of this masterly pamphlet were needed, would it not be strikingly visible in the existence of a state of society wherein such arguments as these could be taken to have grave intention? Gravely, they were so taken. Sluggish, timid, cowardly dissenters were struck with fear; rabid high churchmen shouted approval. A Cambridge fellow wrote to thank his bookseller for having sent him so excellent a treatise, it being, next to the Holy Bible and the Sacred Comments, the most valuable he had ever seen. But then came a whisper of its true intention, and the note suddenly changed. There arose a clamor for discovery and punishment of the writer, unequalled in its vehemence and intensity. To the lasting disgrace of the dissenters, they joined the cry. They took revenge for their own dulness. That the writer was De Foe, was now generally known; and they owed his wit no favor. It had troubled them too often before their time. They preferred to wait till Sacheverell's bloody flag was hoisted in reality: such a pamphlet, meanwhile, was a scurrilous irreverence to religion and authority, and they would have none of it. A worthy colonel of the party said, "he 'd undertake to be hangman, rather than the author should want a pass out of the world;" and a self-denying chairman of one of the foremost dissenters clubs professed such zeal, that if he could find the libeller he would deliver him up without the reward. For government had now offered a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of Daniel De Foe. There is no doubt that the moderate chiefs were disinclined to this; but they were weak at that time. Lord Nottingham had not yet been displaced; there was a tory house of commons, which not even Harley's tact could always manage, and by which the libel had been voted to the hangman; nor had Godolphin's reluctance availed against the wish of the court, that office should be given to the member most eminent for opposition to the late king while he lived, and for insults to his memory. De Foe had little chance; and Nottingham, a sincere bigot, took the task of hunting him down. The proclamation in the *London Gazette* described him, "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; owner of the brick and pan-tile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex." But it was not immediately successful. Warrants then threw into custody the printer and the bookseller; and De Foe concealed himself no longer. He came forth, as he says, to brave the storm.

He stood in the Old Bailey dock in July, 1703. Barecourt, who before had carried up the impeachment of Somers, and was afterwards counsel for Sacheverell, prosecuted. "A man without shame," says speaker Onslow, "but very able." It was his doctrine, that he ought to prosecute every man who should assert any power in the people to call their governors to account;—taking this to be a right corollary from the undoubtedly existing law of libel, that no man might publish a writing reflecting on the government, or even upon the capacity and fitness of any one employed in it. The revolution had not altered this law; and it was in effect the direct source of the profligate and most prolific personal libels of the age we are entering on. For Harcourt's policy was found impracticable, and retaliation was substituted for it;—as the denial of all liberty in theory will com-

monly produce extreme licentiousness in practice. We do not know who defended De Foe; but he seems to have been ill defended. He was advised to admit the libel, on a loose assurance in the court that a high influence was not indisposed to protect him. He was declared guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for good behavior for seven years. Alas, for the fate of Wit in this world! De Foe was taken back to Newgate, and told to prepare for the pillory. The high influence whispered of made no sign now. But some years after, when it was her interest to say it, the queen condescended to say, that "she left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used Mr. De Foe in such a manner."

But what was the manner to Mr. De Foe? He went to the pillory, as in those after years he went to the palace, with the same quiet temper. In truth, writers and thinkers lived nearer to it then than we can well fancy possible now. It had played no ignominious part in the grand age passed away. Noble hearts had been tried and tempered in it. Daily had been elevated in it, mental independence, manly self-reliance, robust athletic endurance. All from within that has undying worth, it had, in those times, but the more plainly exposed without. The only archbishop that De Foe ever truly revered, was the son of a man, who, in it, had been tortured and mutilated; and the saintly character of that prelate was even less saintly than his father's. A Presbyterian's first thought would be of these things; and De Foe's preparation for the pillory was to fortify his honest dignity by remembrance of them, in the most nervous and pointed verses he had ever written.

On the 29th of July, 1703, there appeared, in twenty-four quarto pages, *A Hymn to the Pillory*, by Daniel De Foe; and on that day, we are informed by the *London Gazette*, Daniel De Foe stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; on the day following, near the conduit in Cheapside; and on the 31st, at Temple-Bar. A large crowd had assembled to provide themselves sport; but the pillory they most enjoyed was not of the government's erecting. Unexpectedly they saw the law pilloried, and the ministers of state; the dulness which could not comprehend, and the malice which on that account would punish, a popular champion. They veered quickly round. Other missiles than were wont to greet a pillory reached De Foe; and shouts of a different temper. His health was drunk with acclamations as he stood there; and nothing harder than a flower was flung at him. "The people were expected to treat me very ill," he said; "but it was not so. On the contrary, they were with me; wished those who had sent me there were placed in my room; and expressed their affections by loud shouts and acclamations when I was taken down." We are told that garlands covered the platform where he stood; and that he saw the *Hymn* passed from hand to hand, and heard what it calmly said, less calmly repeated,—

"Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes."

An undeniable witness who was present, (a noted tory libeller of the day, Ned Ward,) frankly ad-

mits this "lofty *Hymn to the wooden-ruff*" to have been "to the law a counter-cuff: and truly, without whiggish flattery, a plain assault and downright battery." Had not De Foe established his right, then, to stand there "unabashed!" Unabashed by, and unabated in his contempt for, tyranny and dulness, was he not now entitled to return fearless, (not "earless," O readers of *Dun-ciad*!) to his appointed home in Newgate?

A home of no unwise experience to the wise observer. A scene of no unromantic aspect to the minute and careful painter. It is a common reproach to the memory of William of Orange, that literature and art found no encouragement in him; but let us remember that Daniel De Foe and David Teniers acknowledged him for their warmest friend. There is higher art and higher literature: within the field selected by both, there is none so exact and true. But the war of politics has not yet released our English Teniers. He has not leisure yet for the more peaceful "art of roguery."

In the writings he now rapidly sent forth from Newgate, we think we see something of what we may call the impatient restlessness of martyrdom. He is more eager than was perhaps desirable, to proclaim what he has done, and what he will do. We can fancy, if we may so express it, a sort of reasonable dislike, somewhat unreasonably conceived against him now, by the young men of letters and incipient wits with whom the world was going easily. His utmost address might seem to have some offence in it; his utmost liberality to contain some bigotry; his best offices to society to be rendered of doubtful origin, by what would appear a sort of everlasting pragmatism and delight in finding fault. It is natural, all this. We trample upon a man, plunder him, imprison him, strive to make him infamous, and wonder if he is only the more hardened in his persuasion that he has a much better case than ourselves. One of the pirate printers of the day took advantage of the imprisoned writer's popularity to issue the *Works of the Author of the True-born Englishman*; and thought himself grossly ill-used, because the author retorted with a charge of theft, and a *True Collection corrected by Himself*. The very portrait he had affixed to this latter book was a new offence. Here was a large, determined, resolute face. Here was a lordly, full-bottomed wig;—flowing lower than the elbow, and rising higher than the forehead, with amazing amplitude of curl. Here was richly-laced cravat; fine loose flowing cloak; and surly, substantial citizen aspect. He was proud of this portrait, by the way, and complains of that of the pirate volume as no more like himself than Sir Roger L'Estrange was like the dog Touzer. But was this the look of a languishing prisoner? Was this an image of the tyranny complained of? Neither Tutchin of the *Observer*, nor Leslie of the *Rehearsal*, could bring himself to think it. So they found some rest from the assailing of each other, in common and prolonged assaults upon De Foe.

He did not spare them in return. He wrote satires; he wrote polemics; he wrote politics; he discussed Occasional Conformity with Dissenters, and the grounds of popular right with Highfliers; he wrote a famous account of the *Great Storm*; he took part in the boldest questions of Scotch and Irish policy; he canvassed with daring freedom the measures of the court, on whose pleasure the opening of his prison-doors depended; he argued with admirable force and wit against a proposed

revival of the censorship of the press; he put the claims of authors to be protected in their copyright with irresistible force; and finally he set up his *Review*.

Its plan was curious, and, at that time, new to English literature. It was at first a quarto sheet, somewhat widely printed, published weekly, and sold for a penny. After the fourth number, it was reduced to half a sheet and sold for twopence, in smaller print and with double columns. After the eighth number, it was published twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Before the close of the first volume, it sent forth monthly supplements. And at last it appeared on the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, of every week; and so continued, without intermission, and written solely by De Foe, for nine years. He wrote it in prison and out of prison; in sickness and in health. It did not cease when circumstances called him from England. No official employment determined it; no politic consideration availed to discontinue it. Through all the vicissitudes of men and ministers, from 1704 to 1713; amid all the contentions and the shouts of party, he kept with this homely weapon his single-handed way, a solitary watchman at the portals of the commonwealth. Remarkable for its rich and various knowledge, its humor, its satire, its downright hearty earnestness, it is a yet more surprising monument of inexhaustible activity and energy. It seems to have been suggested to him, in the first instance, as a resource against the uncertainties of his imprisonment, and their disastrous effect on his trade speculations, (he had lost by this prosecution more than £4000;) and there is no doubt it assisted him in the support of his family for several of these years. But he had no efficient protection against its continued piracy. The thieves counted it by thousands, when worthy Mr. Mathews the publisher could only account by hundreds; and hence the main and most substantial profit its writer derived from all the anxiety and toil it cost him, was expressed in the proud declaration of one of its latest numbers. "I have here espoused an honest interest, and have steadily adhered to it all my days. I never forsook it when it was oppressed; never made gain by it when it was advanced; and, I thank God, it is not in the power of all the courts and parties in Christendom to bid a price high enough to buy me off from it, or make me desert it."

The arrangement of its plan was not less original than that of its form. The path it struck out in periodical literature was, in this respect, entirely novel. It classed the minor and the larger morals; it mingled personal and public themes; it put the gravities of life in an entertaining form; and at once discussed the politics, and corrected the vices of the age. We will best indicate the manner in which this was done by naming rapidly the subjects treated in the first volume; besides those of political concern. It condemned the fashionable practice of immoderate drinking; in various ways, ridiculed the not less fashionable habit of swearing; inveighed against the laxity of marital ties; exposed the licentiousness of the stage; discussed, with great clearness and sound knowledge, questions affecting trade and the poor; laughed at the rage for gambling speculations; and waged inveterate war with the barbarous practice of the duel. Its machinery for matters non-political was a so-called *Scandalous Club*, organized to hear complaints, and entrusted with the power of deciding them. Let us show how it acted. A gentleman

appears before the club, and complains of his wife. She is a bad wife; he cannot exactly tell why. There is a long examination, proving nothing; when suddenly a member of the club begs pardon for the question, and asks if his worship was a good husband. His worship, greatly surprised at such a question, is again at a loss to answer. Whereupon, the club pass three resolutions. That most women that are bad wives are made so by bad husbands: That this society will hear no complaints against a virtuous bad wife from a vicious good husband: That he that has a bad wife, and can't find the reason of it in her, 'tis ten to one that he finds it in himself. And the decision finally is, that the gentleman is to go home, and be a good husband for at least three months; after which, if his wife is still uncured, they will proceed against her as they shall find cause. In this way, pleas and defences are heard on the various points that present themselves in the subjects named; and not seldom with a lively dramatic interest. The graver arguments and essays too, have an easy, homely vigor; a lightness and pleasantry of tone; very different from the ponderous handling peculiar to the Ridpaths and the Dyers, the Tutchins and the Leslies. We open at an essay on trade, which would delight Mr. Cobden himself. De Foe is arguing against impolitic restrictions. We think to plague the foreigner, he says; in reality, we but deprive ourselves. "If you vex me, I'll eat no dinner, said I, when I was a little boy: till my mother taught me to be wiser by letting me stay till I was hungry."

The reader will remember the time when this *Review* was planned. Ensign Steele was but a loungee in the lobbies of the theatres; Addison had not emerged from his garret in the Haymarket. The details of common life had not yet been invested with the graces of literature; the social and polite moralities were still disregarded in the press; the world knew not the influence of my Lady Betty Modish, and Colonel Ranter still swore at the waiters. Where shall we look for "the first sprightly runnings" of *Tattlers* and *Spectators* then, if we have not found them in De Foe's *Review*? The earlier was indeed the ruder workman; but wit, originality, and knowledge were yet the tools he worked with; and the later "twopenny authors," as Mr. Dennis is pleased to call them, found the way well struck out for their finer and more delicate art. What had been done for the citizen-classes, they were to do for the beauties and the wits. They had watched the experiment, and seen its success. The *Review* was enormously popular. It was stolen, pirated, hawked about everywhere; and the writer, with few of the advantages, paid all the penalties of success. He complains that his name was made "the hackney title of the times." Hardly a penny or twopenny pamphlet was afterwards cried in the streets to which the scurrilous libeller, or witless dunce, had not forged that popular name. Nor was it without its influence on the course of events which now gradually changed the aspect and the policy of Godolphin's government. De Foe has claimed for himself large share in preparing a way for what were called the "modern whigs;" and the claim was undoubtedly well founded.

Nottingham and Rochester had resigned; and the great house of commons tactician was now a member of the government. The seals of the home and war offices had been given to Harley and his friend Henry St. John. The lord-treas-

urer could not yet cross boldly to the whigs, and would not creep back to the Tories. To join with Robert Harley was to do neither of these things. This famous person appears to us to have been the nearest representative of what we might call the practical spirit of the revolution, of any who lived in that age. In one of his casual sayings reported by Pope, we seem to find a clue to his character. Some one had observed of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it. "None of us," replied Harley, "know how far the good people of England will bear." All his life he was engaged in attempts upon that problem. If he had thought less of the good people of England, he would have been a less able, a more daring, and certainly a more successful statesman. We do not think he was a trimmer, in the ordinary sense of the word. When he went to church, and sent his family to the meeting-house; when he never asked a clergyman to his Sunday table without providing a clergyman "of another sort" to meet him; we should try to find a better word for it, if we would not find a worse for the revolution. The revolution trimmed between two parties. The revolution, to this day, is but the grand unsolved experiment of how much the people of England will bear. To call Harley a mere court intriguer, is as preposterous as to call him a statesman of commanding genius. He had less of mere courtliness than any of his colleagues. The fashionable French dancing-master who wondered what the devil the queen should have seen in him to make him an earl and lord-treasurer—for he attended him two years, and never taught such a dunce—gives us a lively notion of his homely, *bourgeois* manners. Petticoat politics are to be charged against him; but to no one who thoroughly knew the queen can it be matter of severe reproach, that he was at the pains to place Abigail Hill about her person. He knew the impending downfall of Marlborough's too imperious wife; and was he to lose a power so plainly within his grasp, and see it turned against him? His success in the bedchamber never shook his superior faith in the agencies of parliament and the press. These two were the levers of the revolution; and they are memorably associated with the government of Robert Harley.

As soon as he joined Godolphin, he seems to have turned his thoughts to De Foe. He was not, indeed, the first who had done so. More than one attempt had been already made to capitulate with that potent prisoner. Two lords had gone to him in Newgate! says Oldmixon; in amaze that one lord could find his way to such a place. He says the same thing himself, in the witty narrative at the close of the *Consolidator*. But they carried conditions with them; and there is a letter in the British Museum, (Addit. MS. 7421,) wherein De Foe writes to Lord Halifax, that he "scorned to come out of Newgate at the price of betraying a dead master." Harley made no conditions: it was not his way. He sent to De Foe because he was a man of letters, and in distress. His message was "by word of mouth;" and to this effect—"Pray, ask Mr. De Foe what I can do for him." Nor was the reply less characteristic. The prisoner took a piece of paper and wrote the parable of the blind man in the gospel. "I am blind, and yet ask me what thou shalt do for me! My answer is plain in my misery. Lord, that I may receive my sight!" What else could such a man wish for but his liberty! Yet four months passed

before a further communication. It seemed to imply reluctance in a higher quarter. Within four months, however, "her majesty was pleased particularly to enquire into my circumstances, and by my Lord-Treasurer Godolphin to send a considerable supply to my wife and family; and to send to me the prison-money, to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge."

His health was shattered by his long confinement. He took a house at Bury in Suffolk, and lived there a little while retired. But his pen did not rest; nor could he retire from the notorieties that followed him. His name was still hawked about the London streets; and it was reported, and had to be formally denied, that he had escaped from Newgate by a trick. Then came the exciting news that Blenheim was won, France humbled, Europe saved; and De Foe, in verses of no great merit, but which cost him only "three hours" to compose, gave public utterance to his joy. Then the dry unlettered lord-treasurer went in search of the most graceful wit among the whigs, to get advice for a regular poet to celebrate the captain-general. Then Halifax brought down Addison from his garret; the *Campaign* was exchanged for a comfortable government salary; and communications again opened with De Foe. Two letters of this date, from himself to Halifax, have escaped his biographers. In the first he is grateful for that lord's unexpected goodness, in mentioning him to my lord-treasurer; but would be well pleased to wait till Halifax is himself in power. He speaks of a government communication concerning "paper credit," which he is then handling in his *Review*. He regrets that some proposal his lordship had sent, "exceeding pleasant to me to perform, as well as useful to be done," had been so blundered by the messenger that he could not understand it; and from this we get a glimpse of a person hitherto unnamed in his history—a brother, a stupid fellow. In the second letter, he acknowledges the praise and favors of Lord Halifax; and thus manfully declares the principle on which his own services are offered. "If to be encouraged in giving myself up to that service your lordship is pleased so much to over-value; if going on with the more cheerfulness in being useful to, and promoting the general peace and interest of this nation; if to the last vigorously opposing a stupid, distracted party, that are for ruining themselves rather than not destroy their neighbors; if this be to merit so much regard, your lordship binds me in the most durable, and to me the most pleasant engagement in the world, because 't is a service that, with my gratitude to your lordship, keeps an exact unison with my reason, my principles, my inclinations, and the duty every man owes to his country, and his posterity."

Harley was at this time in daily communication with Halifax, and doubtless saw these letters. But he managed all things warily. He had not appeared in De Foe's affairs since he effected his release; and that release he threw upon the queen. In the same temper he sent to him now. The queen, he said, had need of his assistance. He offered him no employment to fetter his future engagements. He knew that in the last of his publications (the *Consolidator*, a prose satire remarkable for the hints it threw out to *Gulliver*) he had laughed at Addison for refusing to write the *Campaign* "till he had £200 a year secured to him;"—an allusion never forgiven. He sent for him to London; told him the queen "had the goodness

to think of taking him into her service:" and did what the whigs were vainly endeavoring to do for an Irish priest who had written the most masterly satire since the days of Rabelais—took him to court to kiss hands. We see in all this but the truth of the character we would assign to Harley. On grounds independent of either party, except so far as "reason, principles, inclination, and duty to his country" should prompt, he had here enlisted this powerful, homely, and popular writer in the service of the government of the revolution. Compared with Harley, we cannot but think the old whigs, with every honest inclination, little better than bunglers in matters of this kind. It is true that not even Harley could carry the Vicar of Laracor to the palace;—but he could carry him in his coach to country ale-houses; he could play games of counting poultry on the road, or "who should first see a cat or an old woman;" he could loll back on his seat with a broad "Temple" jest; or he could call and be called *Jonathan and Harley*;—and the old whigs were much too chary of these things. So they had lost Prior, and were losing Parnell and Swift; and he who had compared Lord Somers to *Aristides*, was soon to talk of him as little better than a rascal.

We next see De Foe in the house of Mr. Secretary Harley. He has been named to execute a secret commission in the public service, which requires a brief absence on the continent. He is making preparations for his departure; proposing to travel as *Mr. Christopher Hurt*; giving Harley advice for a large scheme of secret intelligence; and discussing with him a proposed poetical satire (afterwards published as the *Diet of Poland*) against the high church faction. In a subsequent farewell letter he adverts to these things; and, after naming some matters of public feeling, in which one of the minister's tory associates was awkwardly involved, characteristically closes with an opinion, that it was needful Harley should know in this, as well as anything else, *what the people say*.

The foreign service was one of danger. "I ran as much danger of my life as a grenadier upon the counterescarp." But it was discharged successfully; and, in consideration of the risk, the government offered him what seems to have been a small sinecure. He took it as a debt; and at a later period, when opposed to the reigning ministry, complains that large arrears were then unpaid. On his return he had found the tory house of commons dissolved, and the new elections in progress. He threw himself into the contest with characteristic ardor. He wrote; he canvassed; he voted; he journeyed throughout the country on horseback, he tells us, more than eleven hundred miles; and, in addresses to electors everywhere, still counselled the necessity of laying aside party prejudices, of burying former animosities, and of meeting their once tory ministers at least half-way. He found many arguments on his road, he adds. He found people of all opinions, as well churchmen as dissenters living in Christian neighborhood; and he had very often the honor, "with small difficulty, of convincing gentlemen over a bottle of wine, that the author of the *Review* was really no monster, but a conversable, social creature." His *Essays*, meanwhile, written in the progress of this journeying were admirable. They were read in every coffee-house and club; often they were stolen from these houses by highfliers, that they might not be read; they were quoted on every popular

hustings; the Duchess of Marlborough sent them over to the camp in Flanders; and the writer, on peril of his life, was warned to discontinue them. His tributes of this latter kind were numerous. Highflying justices followed him about the country with false warrants of arrest; sham actions were brought against him in shoals; compounded debts of long past years were revived; and only his own unequalled and irresistible energy could have stayed the completion of his ruin. But no jot of heart or hope was abated in him. "He is not," says no friendly critic, "daunted with multitudes of enemies; for he faces as many every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, as there are foes to moderation and peace. He *Reviews* without fear, and acts without fainting. He is a person of true courage."

The elections confirmed the power of the whigs. The Duke of Buckingham and Sir Nathan Wright retired to make way for the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Cowper; and a renegade whig and former Dissenter, Lord Haversham, led the first attack upon the ministers. De Foe was dragged forward by this lord as the "mean and mercenary prostitute of the *Review*;" as making his fortune by the way of "scribbling;" and as receiving both "encouragement and instructions" from Godolphin. There was a quiet dignity and eloquence in his answer. He reminds the turncoat peer that fate, which makes footballs of men, kicks some men up stairs and some down; that some are advanced without honor, others suppressed without infamy; that some are raised without merit, some crushed without crime; and that no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a peerage or a pillory. To the charge of writing for bread, he asks what are all the employments in the world pursued for, but for bread! "The lawyer pleads, the soldier fights, the musician fiddles, the players act, and, no reflection on the tribe, the clergy preach, for bread." For the rest, he reminds him that he had never betrayed his master (William had given Lord Haversham his peerage) nor his friend; that he had always espoused the cause of truth and liberty; that he had lived to be ruined for it; that he had lived to see it triumph over tyranny, party rage, and persecution principles; and that he was *sorry to see any man abandon it*.

Beside the *Review*, he had published in the current year works on trade; on the conduct and management of the poor; on toleration; and on colonial intolerance in North America. It would be difficult to name a more soundly reasoned or shrewdly written pamphlet than his *Giving Alms No Charity*. He claimed to be heard on that subject, he said, as an English freeholder. His town tenements had been taken from him; the Tilbury works were gone; and the Freeman's Yard house was his no longer; but he still possessed one English freehold. He does not tell us in what county; but he had moved his family to Newington, and it was doubtless in some way connected with that scene of his boyhood. To this date, also, belong several pamphlets on dissenters' questions; his attempted enforcement of a better scheme for the regulation of madhouses; and his *Jure Divino*. The latter appeared with a large subscription, and was impudently pirated on the very day of its publication. Now, too, there went to him that worthy and much distressed bookseller, who had published a large edition of a very dull and heavy book, called *Drelincourt on Death*,

"with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well;" which the public, not appearing to relish unauthorized directions of that nature, had stubbornly refused to buy. What was to be done with the ponderous stock under which his shelves were groaning: De Foe quieted his fears. Nothing but a ghost from the grave, it was true, could recommend such a book with effect; but a ghost from the grave the worthy bookseller should have. As speedily done as said: De Foe sent him, in a few days, *The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705*. If such a thing was ever to be believed, here it was made credible. The business-like, homely, earnest, commonplace air of truth, was perfectly irresistible. And what said the ghost to Mrs. Bargrave! The ghost, in the course of a long gossip, filled with the *says I* and *thinks I*, the *says she* and *thinks she*, of the tea-table of a country town, said—with all the confident dogmatism of her recent mortuary experience—that Drelincourt's book on death was the best book ever written on that subject. Doctor Sherlock was not bad; two Dutch books had merit; several others were worth mention; but Drelincourt, she protested, had by far the clearest notions of death and the future state, of any one who had handled the matter. The narrative was appended to the book, and a new edition advertised. It flew like wildfire. The copies, to use an illustration of Sir Walter Scott's, (with whom the narrative was an immense favorite,) which had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets, now traversed the town in every direction like the same bullets discharged from a field-piece. Nay, the book has been popular ever since. More than fifty editions have not exhausted its popularity. Mrs. Veal's ghost is still believed by thousands. And the hundreds of thousands who have bought the silly piece of *Drelincourt*, (for hawking booksellers have made their fortunes by traversing the country with it in sixpenny numbers,) have borne unconscious testimony to the genius of De Foe.

It was now engaged once more in the service of the ministry. He had, in various writings, prepared his countrymen for the greatest political measure of the time; he was known to have advised the late king on a project for the Scottish Union; and Godolphin, about to immortalize his administration by that signal act of statesmanship, called in the services of De Foe. He describes the lord-treasurer's second introduction of him to her majesty, and to the honor of kissing her hand. "Upon this second introduction, her majesty was pleased to tell me, with a goodness peculiar to herself, she had such satisfaction in my former services, that she appointed me for another office." The greater part of the next two years was passed in this office, which seems to have combined, with the duties of secretary to the English commissioners, considerable power and influence derived from the ministry at home. It was an important appointment, and Godolphin was assailed for it. "An under spur-leather, forsooth, sent down to Scotland to make the union!" It carried De Foe at various intervals between Edinburgh and London; involved him in continual discussion leading to or rising out of the measure, as well as in the riots which marked the excitement of the time; procured for him what seems to have been the really cordial and friendly attentions of the Duke

of Queensberry and Lord Buchan; directed his attention to various matters which he believed to be essential to Scottish prosperity; and grounded in him a high respect and liking for the Scottish people. He wrote a poem in eulogy of them; busied himself earnestly with suggestions for their commercial and national advancement; and spent some well-devoted labor, in after years, on the compilation of a very minute, and, so to speak, highly dramatic *History of the Union*. We rejoice to have to couple that act, so eminently in the best spirit of the revolution, so large-minded and so tolerant, with his name. It changed turbulence to tranquillity; rude poverty to a rich civilization; and the fierce atrocities of a dominant church, to the calm enjoyment of religious liberty.

A strange scene was meanwhile going on in London. The easy, indolent Prince George, (whom Charles II. said he had tried drunk and sober, and could do nothing with him,) had been heard to complain one day, in the intervals of his dinner and his bottle, that the queen came very late to bed. This casual remark falling on the already sharp suspicions of the Duchess of Marlborough, discovered the midnight conferences of the queen with Abigail Masham and her kinsman, Secretary Harley; and the good Mrs. Freeman, knowing that her dear Mrs. Morley had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time, at once peremptorily insisted on the suspension of the Abigail, and the dismissal of the secretary. We state the fact without comment; but it may be remarked, that if Harley's back-stairs midnight visits implied treachery to his colleagues, it was not of that black kind which would have ruined men who trusted him. It had been clear to the secretary for some time, that the whigs would not trust him. He says himself, and there is no reason to doubt it, that he was not enough of a party-man for them. One smiles, indeed, with a kind of sympathy for him, to read in Lord Cowper's diary of two years' date before this, his devotion of his best tokay, ("good, but thick,") to the hapless effort of whig conciliation. The accession of strength received from the great measure of the Union, had been straightway used to weed his friends from office. Hedges had made way for Sunderland; and even Prior and his colleagues, in the Board of Trade, had been removed. Nor was that an age in which party warfare was scrupulous on either side. In the session just begun, the party motion supported by Rochester and Buckingham, to ruin the whig chiefs of the ministry, was supported by Somers and Wharton with the sole hope of ruining Harley. In now retiring, the secretary's principal mortification would seem to have been the necessity it laid him under of joining an ultra-faction. He made a last attempt to conciliate Cowper and Somers. But the arrangements were made. To the ill-concealed grief and distress of the queen, he and his friend St. John retired; Robert Walpole entered the ministry; Somers was made lord chancellor; and the imperious Duchess of Marlborough thought herself triumphant. She had known Anne now forty years, but she did not know the strength of her sullen obstinacy. In a few months more, the death of the prince threw fresh power into whig hands. Somers became president of the council, and Lord Wharton went to Ireland. He took with him, as his secretary, Joseph Addison.

Mr. Addison was, at this time, less distinguished by the fame of his writings than of his sayings. He was the most popular man in the little com-

monwealth of whig wits, who now met nightly, (Button's was not yet established,) at Will's coffee-house in Covent Garden. They were a kind of offshoot from the more dignified club who eat mutton-pies at Kit Katt's, the pastry-cook's; and of which the principal literary members were Congreve, Garth, Tanbrugh, Steele, and Addison. The revolution gave a new character, in giving new duties, to associations of this kind. They were no longer what they were, when, in this same coffee-house, then called "The Rose," Dryden ruled the town wits from his tory chair. They were a recognized class, with influence before unknown. In sketching the career of De Foe, we have indicated its rise and growth. The people were beginning to be important, and it was the only direct means of communication with the people. Thus the little party at Will's were not sought or courted for the graces of their wit and literature alone. That pale, bright-eyed, sickly, deformed youth of one-and-twenty, whose *Pastorals* are so much talked of just now, may seek them for no better reason; but not for this are they sought by that tall, stern-looking, dark-faced Irish priest, whose forty-two years of existence have been a struggle of ill-endured dependence and haughty discontent, which he now desires to redeem in the field of political warfare. Here, meanwhile, he amuses himself and the town with Mr. Bickerstaff's joke against Mr. Partridge, suggesting to hearty Dick Steele those pleasant *Lucubrations* of Isaac, which, in a few months more, are to take the town by storm; or, it may be, showing privately to Addison that bitter sneer against De Foe, which he was about now to give to the world. "One of those authors, (*the fellow who was pilloried, I have forgot his name,*) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him." That was it! There was profiting by his labor; there was copying the suggestions of his genius; there was travelling to wealth and power along the path struck out by his martyrdom; but, for this very reason, there was no enduring him. A man who will go into the pillory for his opinions, is not a "club-able" man. Yet at this very moment De Foe was laboring for the interests of the literary class. For twenty years he had urged the necessity of a law to protect an author's property in his writings, and in this session the copyright act was passed. The common law recognized a perpetual right, but gave no means of enforcing it; the statute limited the right and gave the means. It was a sort of cheat, but better than unlimited robbery.

Notwithstanding Harley's retirement, De Foe continued in the service of Godolphin's ministry. But at the special desire of Harley himself; to whom, as the person by whom he had been first employed for Anne, and whose apparently falling fortunes were a new claim of attachment, he considered himself bound. "Nay, not so, Mr. De Foe," said Harley, "I shall not take it ill from you in the least. Besides, it is the queen you are serving, who has been very good to you." The words were well selected for continuance of the tenure by which the sagacious diplomatist had first engaged his service. Upon this, he went to the lord-treasurer, who received him with great friendliness, and told him, "smiling," he had not seen him a long while. De Foe frankly mentioned his obligations to Harley, and his fear that his interest might be lessened on that account. "Not at all, Mr. De Foe," rejoined Godolphin; "I always

think a man honest till I find the contrary." The scrupulous author, nevertheless, considered it his duty entirely to cease communication with the rival statesman, till he again appeared as a public minister.

It was not very long. Nor had the ministry, on the score of moderation at any rate, profited greatly by his absence; while he, by the position of parties, was driven to the extreme of opposition. Despairing of the queen's power to second her well-known inclination, the high church trumpet had again sounded to battle, and De Foe had again buckled on his armor of offence against both ultra-parties. It was now he told the world that fate of the unbiassed writer, with which a witty admirer of modern days has familiarized his readers. "If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of their virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless. *And this is the course I take myself.*" It was now, describing his personal treatment by one of the tory mobs, he told them the destiny of all that had ever served them. "He that will help you, must be hated and neglected by you, must be mobbed and plundered for you, must starve and hang for you, and must yet help you. *And thus I do.*" Then came again upon the scene his old friend Dr. Henry Sacheverell. This brawling priest attacked Godolphin in the pulpit by the name of *Volpone*; inveighed against Burnet and other bishops for not unfurling the bloody flag against dissent; abused the revolution as unrighteous; and broadly reasserted non-resistance and passive obedience. The man was such a fool and madman, that a serious thought should not have been wasted on him, whatever might be needful to discountenance his atrocious doctrines. This was the feeling of De Foe. When Harley called the sermon a "circumgyration of incoherent words," (in a speech thought to merit the same description,) it seems to have been his feeling too. It was certainly that of Somers, and of the best men in the cabinet. They all knew his noisy ignorance. His illustration of "parallel lines meeting in a centre," was a standing joke with the wits. But *Volpone* stuck to Godolphin, and an impeachment was resolved upon. He little thought, when he took to what Burnet calls the luxury of roasting a parson, that the fire would blaze high enough to roast himself and his colleagues.

Harley made a shrewder guess. He was dining with a friend in the country when the news reached him. "The game is up!" he cried; left the dinner-table, and hurried to London. In vain De Foe still urged, "Let us have the crime punished, not the man. The bar of the house of commons is the worst pillory in the nation." In that elevated pillory Sacheverell was placed; well dressed, with clean gloves, white handkerchief well managed, and other suitable accomplishments; Atterbury, who secretly despised him, in affected sympathy by his side; the mob without, screaming for their martyr; and women, high and low, frantic with admiration. "You could never embark the ladies," said De Foe, "till you fell upon the clergy. As soon as you pinch the parson, the women are one woman in his defence." His description of the interest created by the impeachment is one of his happiest pieces of quiet irony. It has also historic value. The ladies, he

tells us, laid aside their chocolate, their china, and their gallantries, for state business; the *Tatler*, the immortal *Tatler*, the great Bickerstaff himself, (to whom, let us remark by the way, De Foe, in his hearty admiration, had lately resigned the offices of his own *scandal club*,) was fain to leave off talking to them; they had no leisure for church;—little Miss, still obliged to go, had the doctor's picture put into her prayer-book; even Punch laid aside his domestic broils, to gibber for the holy man; and not only were the churches thinned, and the parks, but the very playhouses felt the effects, and Betterton died a beggar. Well had it been, however, if this were all. A series of horrible riots followed. Meeting-houses were pulled down; the bloody flag was in reality unfurled; mounted escorts, carrying martyr Sacheverell about the country, were everywhere the signal for the plunder and outrage of dissenters; the printed defence (filled with abuse of De Foe and his *Reviews*) circulated by tens of thousands; and lord-treasurer Godolphin was ordered to break his staff and make way for Harley.

He took office; and at once began the work, which, whatever the motives we assign to him, and whatever the just faults we may find with the absence of decision in his mind and in his temper, we must admit that he continued to the last, of opposing, against his own interests, the exterminating policy of the party who had borne him into power. While several leading whigs yet retained office, he again unsuccessfully attempted a coalition with Cowper and Walpole; and it was not till wholly rebuffed in this quarter that he completed his high tory cabinet, and determined to risk a dissolution. St. John was made secretary; Harcourt had the great seal; and he himself took the treasurer's staff. The elections gave him a majority, though not very decisive; and Anne's celebrated "last administration" began its career. A man might predict in some sort the course of it, who had seen the new premier on the first of October; the eve of the meeting of parliament. He was not at the palace of the queen, nor in his office of business with Harcourt or St. John; he was stopping in his coach at the St. James' coffee-house, to set down Jonathan Swift. "He knew my Christian name very well," says the *Journal to Stella*. On that day the ex-whig partisan had sent forth a lampoon against Godolphin, and paid his first visit to Harley. On the 4th, he dined with him. Afterwards, his visits were daily welcomed. The proud and long-neglected priest found himself, on the same hopeful October day, dining for penance in his old chop-house; then going "reeking" from thence to the first minister of state; and then, in charity, sending a *Tatler* to Steele, "who is very low of late." Others were "low" too. There was Congreve, a resolute whig, and member of the Kit Katt, whose little place depended on the ministry. But Harley quieted his fears with a happy quotation from Virgil.

"Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre."

Whatever else were the objections to this statesman, they did not lie on the score of his indifference to genius. The administration organized, he sent for De Foe. A different course was needful with Daniel from that taken with Jonathan. Harley knew De Foe thoroughly; and was not grieved to know that the high church majority in

the commons might have been much larger but for his unwearied personal and public exertions against that faction, in the elections recently closed. De Foe distinctly states the result of the interview to have been, that he capitulated for liberty to speak according to his own judgment of things, and that he had that liberty allowed him. Nor did he wait on Harley till he had first consulted the dismissed Godolphin, who counselled him to consider himself the queen's servant, to wait till he saw things settled, and then to take her majesty's commands from the new minister. In the same tone Harley conferred with him now. And if we couple the interview with the paper sent forth in the *Review*, and which first opened the fury of the whig batteries on De Foe, we shall find everything to confirm the impression here taken of it; of the character of Harley himself; and of the honorable grounds of De Foe's conditional support. He states his opinion to be, that the ministry must be carried on upon the foundation and with the principles of the revolution. This, he adds, can be the only safe guide where so many parties alternately govern; and where men of the same party have so often been of several opinions about the same thing. He states that he shall not go along with the ministry unless they go along with him. He exults in Harley's known inclination to the whigs; and, indeed, he argues, "the constitution is of such a nature, that, whoever may be in it, if they are faithful to their duty, it will either find them whigs or make them so." And upon these plain principles he acted. They were principles professed by Swift two years later; but never, later or earlier, acted on by him. "I bear all the ministry to be my witnesses," he wrote to Steele, in whose *Correspondence* the letter may be found, "that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them; for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last, you and I differ; but in the other I think we agree; for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a whig." And in two months from the date of the letter, he was covering this very "Dick Steele" with the most lavish contempt, for no better reason than that he held whig principles. But he wrote for his deanery, and got it; De Foe wrote for what he believed to be the public service, and had no reward or fee but the consciousness of having done so.

Compare Swift's *Examiner* with De Foe's *Review*, and the distinction is yet more plain. It is earnest and manly reasoning against a series of profligate libels. Libels, too, in which the so-called advocate of Harley is denounced by Harley's confidential writer, as an *illiterate idiot*. "Much wit in that!" quietly answered De Foe; who never was seduced into party lampooning, and, even at moments like these, held Swift's wit and genius in honor. "Now I know a learned man at this time, an orator in the Latin, a walking index of books, who has all the libraries in Europe in his head, from the Vatican at Rome to the learned collection of Doctor Salmon at Fleet Ditch; but he is a cynic in behavior, a fury in temper, unpolite in conversation, abusive in language, and ungovernable in passion. Is this to be learned! Then may I still be illiterate." It was the calm spirit of every return vouchsafed by the author of the *Review* to the cross-fire which now assailed him. He was content, whether defending or opposing, to stand

alone. He did not think the *Brothers' Club* had helped the ministry, nor that the *Scriblerus Club* would be any service to literature. He preferred to stand where he did; "unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave;" in frank and free communication with his countrymen. Let us briefly state his debtor-and-creditor account with the administration of Robert Harley.

He supported him against the October Club; a party of a hundred country gentlemen, who drank October ale, and would have driven things to extremes against the whigs. He supported him against the bigot Rochester; and against the fiery, impatient Bolingbroke. He supported him against the wigs; when the whigs, to avenge their party-disappointments, laid aside their noblest principles, and voted with Lord Findlater for the dissolution of the Scottish Union. He supported him also against the whigs, when, for no nobler reason, they joined with his old enemy Lord Nottingham to oppress and disable the dissenters. And again he supported him against the whigs, when, speaking through their ablest and most liberal representatives, the Walpoles and the Stanhopes, they declared emphatically, and in all circumstances, for a total prohibition of a trade with France. It was on this latter question De Foe would seem to have incurred their most deadly hatred. He had achieved the repute of a great authority in matters of this kind; and he threw it all into the scale in favor of Bolingbroke's treaty. He wrote on it often and largely; with eminent ability, and with great effect. His view briefly was, that the principle of a free trade, unencumbered by prohibitions, and with very moderate duties, was "not only equal and just, but proceeding on the true interest of trade, and much more to the advantage of Britain than of France." What disadvantages of unpopularity such reasoning then had, we need not say; the cry of "trade and wool" did as much for the whigs as that of "Sacheverell and the Church" had done for the Tories; but De Foe opposed both alike, and it is little likely he will be traduced for it now. But we have not yet stated the reverse of the account. It is not less honorable to him.

He did not oppose the peace when settled; but while it was in progress he opposed the terms. He desired peace; but did not think the Spanish guarantees sufficient. He thought that Europe had been saved by the policy of William and the whigs, and by the genius of Marlborough; but he did not approve the violent method of winding up the war. He was, in short, glad when it was done; but would have been ashamed to take part in the doing. And the best judgment of posterity, we believe, confirms his judgment. He opposed the creation of peers. He opposed strongly, while the whigs made the feeblest resistance, the Parliamentary Qualification act; which he condemned for a lurking tendency to give preponderance to the landed interest. He opposed the Occasional Conformity bill; though his opposition respecting it was such that he might fairly have kept his peace. He opposed the tax upon papers; and bitterly denounced the false attack upon the press which signalized Bolingbroke's few days' ministry. He concentrated all his strength of opposition against the same statesman's Schism Bill; in which an attempt was made to deprive dissenters of all share in the work of education; grounded on those preposterous high church claims which we have seen flagrantly revived in more recent days. Let us

show, by a memorable passage from the *Review*, how little church pretences and extravagances alter, while all else alters around them. "Who are they that at this juncture are so clamorous against the dissenters, and are eagerly soliciting for a further security to the church? Are they not that part of the clergy who have already made manifest advances towards the synagogue of Rome? They who preach the independency of the church on the state; who urge the necessity of auricular confession, sacerdotal absolution, extreme unction, and prayer for the dead? who expressly teach the real presence in the Lord's Supper, which they will have to be a proper sacrifice; and contend for the practice of rebaptizing, wherein they overshoot the Papists themselves? Are they not they who are loudly clamorous for those church lands which, to the unspeakable detriment of the public, were in the days of ignorance given to impudent begging friars?" Finally, when it was imagined that the leading ministers were intriguing for the succession of the Pretender; and when it was reported everywhere that the manifesto of the Jacobites against a Protestant succession lay splendidly bound in the queen's closet at Windsor; De Foe wrote and published those three pamphlets, which, for prompt wit and timely satire, may reckon with his best efforts—*A Seasonable Caution*. *What if the Pretender should come?* and *What if the Queen should die?*

It is almost inconceivable that the whigs should have led the cry against him on the score of these admirable pieces; but it is another proof of the blindness of party malice. A great whig light commenced a prosecution against him, at his private cost, for desiring by these works to favor the Jacobite succession. Their mode of recommending the Jacobite succession having been to say, that it would confer on every one the privilege of wearing wooden shoes, and ease the nobility and gentry of the hazard and expense of winter journeys to Parliament! Yet the prosecutors found judges to tell De Foe, "that they contained matter for which he might be hanged, drawn, and quartered;" he was thrown again into Newgate; and might possibly again have been taken thence to the pillory, but for the interposition of Harley, now Lord Oxford. He represented the matter to the queen; and made known to De Foe the opinion expressed by Anne. "She saw nothing but private pique in it." A pardon was issued by Bolingbroke, and the prisoner released. But not till, with an instinct that the end was now approaching, he had brought his *Review* to a close, within the hard ungenial walls wherein it had begun. It was with a somewhat sorrowful retrospect he closed it, but not without a dignified content. In the school of affliction, he bethought him, he had learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison he had learned to know that liberty does not consist in open doors, and the free egress and regress of locomotion. He had seen the rough and smooth sides of the world, and tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the Newgate dungeon. Here, in the dungeon, he had still "with humblest acknowledgments" to remember that a glorious prince had "loved" him; and whatever fortune had still in store, he felt himself not unfit, by all this discipline, for serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work, of resignation to the will of Heaven.

He needed it when the crisis came. It is not here our province to dwell on the memorable

scenes of 1714, which consigned Oxford to the Tower and Bolingbroke to exile; shattered the tory party; settled the succession of Hanover; and fixed the whigs in power. The principles for which De Foe had contended all his life were at last securely established; and for his reward he had to show the unnoticed and unprotected scars of thirty-two years' incessant political conflict. But he retired as he had kept the field—with a last hearty word for his patron Harley; and with a manly defence against the factious slanders which had opened on himself. He probably heard the delighted scream of Mr. Boyer as his figure disappeared; to the effect of how fully he had been "confuted by the ingenious and judicious Joseph Addison, Esquire." Doubtless he also smiled to observe what whig rewards for whig services were now most plentifully scattered. The ingenious Mr. Addison, secretary of state; Steele, Sir Richard and surveyor of the royal stables; Mr. Tickell, Irish secretary; Mr. Congreve, twelve hundred a-year; Mr. Rowe, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Ambrose Philips, all comfortably sinecured. For himself, he was in his fifty-fourth year; and, after a life of bodily and mental exertion that would have worn down a score of ordinary men, had to begin life anew.

Into that new life we shall enter but briefly. It is plain to all the world. It is the life by which he became immortal. It is contained in his works; and there the world may read it. What we sought to exhibit here, we trust we have made sufficiently obvious. After all the objections which may be justly made to his opinions, on the grounds of shortcoming or excess, we believe that, in the main features of the career we have set before the reader, will be recognized a noble English example of the qualities most prized by Englishmen. De Foe is our only famous politician and man of letters, who represented, in its inflexible constancy, sturdy resolution, unwearied perseverance, and obstinate contempt of danger and of tyranny, the great Middle-class English Character. We believe it to be no mere national pride to say, that, whether in its defects or its surpassing merits, the world has had none other to compare with it. He lived in the thickest stir of the conflict of the four most violent party reigns of English history; and if we have at last entered into peaceful possession of most part of the rights at issue in those party struggles, it the more becomes us to remember such a man with gratitude, and with wise consideration for what errors we may find in him. He was too much in the constant heat of the battle, to see all that we see now. He was not a philosopher himself; but he helped philosophy to some wise conclusions. He did not stand at the highest point of toleration, or of moral wisdom; but with his masculine active arm, he helped to lift his successors over obstructions which had stayed his own advance. He stood apart and alone in his opinions and his actions from his fellow-men; but it was to show his fellow-men of later times the value of a larger and juster fellowship, and of more generous modes of action. And when he now retreated from the world without to the world within, in the solitariness of his unrewarded service and integrity, he had assuredly earned the right to challenge the higher recognition of posterity. He was walking toward history with steady feet; and might look up into her awful face with a brow unabashed and undismayed.

His last political essay was written in 1715;

and, while the proof sheets lay uncorrected before him, he was struck with apoplexy. After some months' danger, he rallied; and in the three following years sent forth a series of works, chiefly moral and religious, and of which the *Family Instructor* and the *Religious Courtship* may be mentioned as the types; which were excellently adapted to a somewhat limited purpose, and are still in very high esteem. They have before been remarked upon in this journal, in an article on Mr. Wilson's biography of the great writer; and may be briefly dismissed here. They had extraordinary popularity; went through countless editions; and found their way, not only in handsome setting forth to the king's private libraries, but on rough paper to all the fairs and markets of the kingdom. They were generally, up to the beginning of the century, among the standard prize-books of schools; and might be seen lying, in coarse workman garb, with *Pomfret's Poems* or *Hervey's Meditations*, on the window-seat of any tradesman's house. Grave moral and religious questions had, in truth, not before been approached with anything like that dramatic liveliness of manner. To the same popularity were also in later years committed, such half satirical, half serious books, as the *Political History of the Devil*; of which strong plain sense, and a desire to recommend, by liveliness of treatment, the most homely and straightforward modes of looking into moral and religious questions, were again the distinguishing characteristics. Other works of miscellaneous interest will be found recited in the careful catalogue of De Foe's writings (upwards of two hundred in all!) prefixed to his edition by Mr. Hazlitt; who has so gracefully inherited, in this and other subjects, his father's tastes. The most remarkable of these works was probably the *Complete English Tradesman*; in which you see distinctly reflected many of the most solid and striking points of De Foe's own character; and, let us add, of the general character of our middle-class countrymen. The plays of Heywood, Massinger, and Ben Jonson do not give us the citizens of their time more vividly, nor better contrast the staidness and the follies of old and young, than De Foe has here accomplished for the traders of William and Anne. We are surprised to be told that this book was less popular than others of its class. Perhaps a certain surly vein of satire which was in it, was the reason. A book which tends, however justly, to satirize any general community, readers included, is dangerous to the author's popularity, however the public may like satire in particular, or when aimed at certain classes. Our hasty recital would be incomplete, without a reference to his many publications on points of domestic economy, and questions of homely domestic morals; or to a timely and powerful series of strictures on London life, in which he earnestly suggested the necessity of a metropolitan university, of a founding hospital, and of a well-organized system of police. He also again attacked the stage on the success of the *Beggar's Opera*; and here, confusing a little the prose and poetry of the matter, made that excellent piece responsible for a coarse drama on the subject of the recently hanged "Jack Sheppard." In this discussion he again encountered his old enemy, the Dean of St. Patrick's; and, moving the spleen of Swift's dearest friend, got himself niched in the *Dunciad*. But the assailant lived to regret it more than the assailed.

Meanwhile, concurrently with these works, there had appeared a more memorable series from the

same untiring hand. In 1719, being then in his fifty-eighth year, he had published *Robinson Crusoe*. In 1720, the *Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*; *The Dumb Philosopher*; and *Duncan Campbell*. In 1721, the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*. In 1722, the *Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack*; and the *Journal of the Plague Year*. In 1723, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. In 1724, *Roxana*. In 1725, the *New Voyage round the World*. And in 1728, the *Life of Captain Carleton*. He was at work upon a new production at the close of 1729, and apologizes to his printer for having delayed the proofs through "exceeding illness." It never appeared.

Of *Robinson Crusoe* it is needless to speak. Was there ever anything written by mere man but this, asked Doctor Johnson, that was wished longer by its readers? It is a standard piece in every European language; its popularity has extended to every civilized nation. The traveller Burekhardt found it translated into Arabic, and heard it read aloud among the Arabs in the cool hours of evening. It is devoured by every boy; and, as long as a boy exists he will clamor for *Robinson Crusoe*. It sinks into the bosom, while the bosom is most capable of pleasurable impressions from the adventurous and the marvellous. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey*, in the much longer course of ages, has incited so many to enterprise, or to reliance on their own powers and capacities. We need scarcely repeat, what has been said so well by many critics, that the secret of its fascination is its Reality. The same is to be said, in a no less degree, of the *History of the Plague*; which, for the grandeur of the theme, and the profoundly affecting familiarity of its treatment, is one of the noblest prose epics of the language. These are the masterpieces of De Foe. But, while open to objections on another score, the *Moll Flanders*, the *Colonel Jack*, and the *Roxana*, are not less decisive examples of a wonderful genius. In their day, too, they had no unwise or hurtful effect. They had a tendency to produce a more indulgent morality, and larger fair play to all. But we question the wisdom of now reviving them as they were written, we will frankly confess. As models of fictitious narrative, in common with all the writings of De Foe, they are supreme; the art of natural story-telling has had no such astonishing illustrations. High authorities have indeed thought them entitled to still higher dignity. Some one asked Doctor Robertson to advise him as to a good historical style. "Read De Foe," replied the great historian. Colonel Jack's life has been commonly reprinted in the genuine accounts of Highwaymen; Lord Chatham thought the Cavalier a real person, and his description of the Civil Wars the best in the language; Doctor Mead quoted the book of the Plague as the narrative of an eye-witness; and Doctor Johnson sat up all night over Captain Carleton's Memoirs, as a new work of English history he wondered not to have seen before. In particular scenes, too, of the three tales we are more immediately considering, (those of the Prison in *Moll Flanders*, of Susannah in *Roxana*, and of the Boyhood in *Colonel Jack*,) the highest masters of prose fiction have never surpassed them. But it will remain the chief distinction of De Foe, in these minor tales of English life, to have been the father of the illustrious family of the English Novel. Swift directly copied from him; Richardson founded his style of minute narrative wholly upon him; Fielding, Smollet,

and Goldsmith, Godwin, Scott, and Dickens, have been more or less indebted to him. Shall we scruple to add, then, that while he remains unapproached in his two great master-pieces, he has been surpassed in his minor works by these his successors! His language is as easy and copious, but less elegant and harmonious; his insight into character is as penetrating, but not so penetrating into the heart; his wit and irony are as playful, but his humor is less genial and expansive; and he wants the delicate fancy, the richness of imagery, the sympathy, the pathos, which will keep the later masters of our English Novel the delightful companions, the gentle monitors, the welcome instructors, of future generations. So true it is, that every great writer promotes the next great writer one step; and in some cases gets himself superseded by him.

While his gigantic labors were in progress, De Foe seems to have lived almost wholly at his favorite Newington. His writings had been profitable. He got little for *Robinson Crusoe*, but was paid largely for its successors. We have occasional glimpses of him still engaged in mercantile speculation; purchasing and assigning leases; disposing of South Sea stock; and otherwise attending to worldly affairs. But we do not see him steadily till 1724. A gentleman named Baker, afterwards known as a somewhat celebrated philosophical enquirer, had then occasion to go to Newington, where he fell in love with a pretty girl, the youngest of three daughters who lived in a large and handsome house in Church street, which their father had newly built. The father was an old gentleman of sixty-four years, afflicted with gout and stone, but very cheerful, still very active,

with mental faculties in sharp abundance, keeping a handsome coach, paying away much money in acts of charity, and greatly given to the cultivation of a large and pleasant garden. This was Daniel De Foe. We know nothing more with certainty till six years later; when, from one of the most affecting letters which the English language contains, we learn that the conduct of De Foe's second son was embittering the closing days of his long and checkered life. He had violated some large trust reposed in him by his father, and had reduced his mother and sisters to beggary. De Foe writes from a place near Greenwich, where he seems to have been some time wandering about alone, in want, and with a broken heart. The letter is to his son-in-law Baker, possessor of his "best gift," his dear daughter; and closes thus:—"I would say, I hope with comfort, that it is yet well I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy. By what way soever He please to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases—*Te Deum laudamus*. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me, and, if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath."

The money was recovered, and the family again prosperous; but Daniel De Foe was gone. In his seventy-first year, on the 24th of April, 1731, he had somehow found his way back to London—to die in that parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, wherein he was born; and, as long as the famous old city should live, to live in the memory and adoration of her citizens.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

LONE trembling one!

Last of a summer's race, withered and sear,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy work is done!

Thou hast seen all
The summer's flowers reposing in their tomb;
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall!

Why dost thou cling
Fondly to the rough sapless tree?
Has then existence aught like charm for thee,
Thou faded thing!

The voice of spring,
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee, nor the gentle summer rain
New verdure bring.

The zephyr's breath
No more will wake thee for its melody;
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
The hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm,
And the strained eye, to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of man's mortality:
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief:

Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones all have dropped and died away,

Still clings to life—and lingering, loves to stay
About the dead!

But list!—e'en now

I hear the gathering of the autumn blast:
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it's past!
And thou art low!

"LIVE TO DO GOOD."

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

LIVE to do good; but not with thought to win
From man reward of any kindness done:
Remember HIM who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected ONE;
When HE was slain, for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all; but, while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cross, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppress,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good; but for His holy sake,
Who died for thine, fixing thy purpose ever
High as His throne, no wrath of man can shake;
So shall HE own thy generous endeavor,
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the SAVIOUR'S bitter cup.

Do nought but good, for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

Krickerbocker.

From the Critic.

Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, embracing Historical and Biographical Notices of the Empire and its several Provinces. By the Rev. DANIEL P. KIDDER, A.M. In two vols. Vol. I. New York and London, 1845. Wiley & Putnam.

FAMILIAR as recent discussions in Parliament and the newspapers have made to English ears the name of Brazil, there are few parts of the civilized world of which our countrymen really *know* so little. The American press has produced no work exclusively on Brazil; and some time has elapsed since any book containing original information on that remote empire and its people has proceeded from the British press, although our travellers have almost exhausted every other land, and have long been seeking some new field for the indulgence of their vagrant tastes, and the employment of their busy pens.

In these circumstances, the narrative of an intelligent missionary, such as Mr. Kidder, enjoying extensive opportunities for observation, and having the capacity to turn them to the best account, cannot but be heartily welcomed here, as on the other side of the Atlantic; and the more since he writes in an agreeable strain, possesses considerable powers of description, and not unfrequently rises to eloquence when excited by a congenial theme. His fault is an occasional ambitious endeavor at fine writing, an error too common to be the subject of peculiar censure in Mr. Kidder, but one which he would do well to avoid in any future literary adventure. The general tone of a narrative should be plain, straightforward, and even—but always lively and graphic; only occasionally are flights of eloquence permissible, and the utmost care should be taken that they *never* be indulged in save when the subject is one which, beyond all doubt, excites raptures or passionate emotions. If there be the slightest question whether it *be* a case for a soaring, a prudent writer will err on the safe side, and give to sober narrative the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. Kidder has combined with reminiscences of his residence and travels in Brazil, historical and geographical sketches of the country. His attention was primarily directed to the subjects of morality, education, and religion. He pleads a needless apology, that in the collection of his materials he met with many embarrassments arising from the unsettled state of the people.

The first volume, which only we have yet received, contains a sketch of the history of Brazil, briefly but succinctly written. But for our readers the other materials, descriptive of the place and the people, will possess the most interest; and the subject being very nearly a new one, we shall make no apology for dwelling upon it at more length than we are wont to do when we accompany travellers through countries well trodden, save where they have the faculty of scattering a glow, reflected from their own minds, upon the objects through which they move, and so as to present the most familiar things in new aspects that interest us in them almost more than if they had possessed the charm of novelty in substance.

Mr. Kidder takes us at once to Rio Janeiro, its harbor opening by a bold and narrow passage between two granite mountains, so situate that fortresses upon the islands and heights might defy the hostile ingress of the proudest navies of the

globe. These passed, the city bursts upon the view.

RIO JANEIRO FROM THE SEA.

"The aspect which Rio de Janeiro presents to the beholder bears no resemblance to the compacted brick walls, the dingy roofs, the tall chimneys, and the generally even sites of our northern cities. The surface of the town is diversified by several ranges of hills which shoot off in irregular spurs from the neighboring mountains, leaving between them flat intervals of greater or less width. Along the basis of these hills and up their sides, stand rows of buildings whose whitened walls and red tiled roofs are both in happy contrast with the deep green of the foliage that always surrounds and often embowers them."

It is called by the natives the City of Palaces, and it well deserves the proud title. It is thronged with fine edifices. The streets intersect each other at right angles, save where the beach and the declivities of the hills forbid. Open to the sea-breeze is a public promenade. Large squares are scattered about. Fountains, supplied by aqueducts from the adjacent mountains, some of them beautifully constructed, abound in every direction. From the centre of the city the suburbs ascend four miles in each of three principal directions. The ways are paved with stones of large size. The houses seldom exceed three stories in height, and are built, for the most part, of granite, but coated with plastering on the outside, their color is, consequently, a clear white, painfully dazzling to the eye.

A regulation, requiring vessels to discharge and receive their cargoes only between the hours of nine and two, produces an animated scene of bustle, especially as the labor is almost entirely performed by negroes, there being scarcely a cart or dray in the city. Hence this curious

STREET SCENE AT RIO.

"The coffee-carriers usually go in troops, numbering ten or twenty individuals, of whom one takes the lead, and is called the captain. These are usually the largest and strongest men that can be found. While at work, they seldom wear any other garment than a pair of short pantaloons; their shirt is thrown aside for the time as an incumbrance. Each one takes a bag of coffee upon his head, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and when all are ready they start off upon a measured trot, which soon increases to a rapid run.

"As one hand is sufficient to steady the load, several of them frequently carry musical instruments in the other, resembling children's rattle-boxes; these they shake to the double-quick time of some wild Ethiopian ditty, which they all join in singing as they run. Music has a powerful effect in exhilarating the spirits of the negro, and certainly no one should deny him the privilege of softening his hard lot by producing the harmony of sounds, which are sweet to him, however uncouth to other ears. It is said, however, that an attempt was at one time made to secure greater quietness in the streets, by forbidding the negroes to sing. As a consequence they performed little or no work; so the restriction was in a short time taken off. Certain it is that they now avail themselves of their vocal privileges at pleasure, whether in singing and shouting to each other as they run, or in proclaiming to the people the various articles

they carry about for sale. The impression made upon the stranger by the mingled sound of their hundred voices falling upon his ear at once, is not soon forgotten."

A striking peculiarity in the aspect of Rio arises from the circumstance of all the most commanding sites being occupied by churches and convents. The hospitals are numerous, and many are richly endowed. One of them, situate without the city, is devoted to persons affected with elephantiasis and other disorders of the leprous kind. It is occupied by about eighty patients. A curious anecdote is related of this institution. Some time since an ingenious antiquary announced that the elephantiasis of Brazil was the identical disease that used to be cured among the ancient Greeks by the bite of a rattle-snake. The assertion made some noise, and one of the patients resolved to try the experiment. The physicians and his friends assembled on the appointed day, and this was the result:—

"The serpent was brought into the room in a gaiola, a species of cage. Into this the individual introduced his hand with the most perfect presence of mind. The reptile seemed to shrink from the contact, as though there were something in the part which neutralized its venom. When touched, the serpent would even lick the hand without biting. It became necessary at length for the patient to grasp and squeeze the reptile tightly, in order to receive a thrust from his fangs. The desired thrust was at length given, near the base of the little finger.

"So little sensation pervaded the member, that the patient was not aware he was bitten, until informed of it by those who saw the act. A little blood oozed from the wound, and a slight swelling appeared when the hand was withdrawn from the cage, but no pain was felt. Moments of intense anxiety now followed, while it remained to be seen whether the strange application would issue for the better or for the worse. The effects became generally manifest, although it was evidently retarded by the disease which had preoccupied the system. In less than twenty-four hours the Lazarus was a corpse."

The Foundling Hospital has produced the same effects upon society here as elsewhere. It has encouraged unbounded licentiousness, and the consequences to the infants thus removed from parental care are most fatal.

"Out of three thousand six hundred and thirty infants exposed in Rio during ten years anterior to 1840, only one thousand and twenty-four were living at the end of that period. In the year 1838-9, four hundred and forty-nine were deposited in the wheel, of whom six were found dead when taken out; many expired the first day after their arrival, and two hundred and thirty-nine died in a short period. By means of all possible endeavors, and the expense of all the wet-nurses to be procured, it has only been possible to save about one third of all that are received. Well might one of the physicians of the establishment, in whose company I visited several departments of the institution, remark, 'Monsieur, c'est une boucherie!'"

At Rio, our missionary remarks the singular scarcity of inns and boarding-houses. Visitors are, for the most part, compelled to take lodgings or rely upon the hospitality of the inhabitants.

From the returns of the prisons, it would appear that homicide is much more frequent, and theft

much less so, than in our northern climes. A horrible instance is related of the desperation of a band of robbers condemned to be executed for murder. When the guard approached to conduct them to the place of execution,

"to their astonishment the convicts had filed off their fetters, and stood brandishing them as weapons of defence. They challenged the fire of the soldiers, and demanded to be killed on the spot. The officers preferred that they should be executed according to the form of law, and put them in siege, thinking that the torments of hunger and thirst would soon reduce them to a surrender.

"The next morning a ball of igniting sulphur was hurled into the dungeon, designed to produce suffocation; a single voice responded, crying for mercy. Three of the assassins had committed suicide by means of a razor, with which in regular turn they had cut their own throats. The fourth had become horror-stricken while witnessing the dreadful deed, and the dying agonies of his companions, with whose blood the floor of the prison was now covered. Weakened by hunger, tormented by the stings of conscience, and despairing of life, but afraid to follow the example of those who rushed before him into the presence of the Eternal, he survived to give the frightful details of the original crime, and of the scene of desperation to which it led."

Rio is well lighted by oil-lamps, the luxury of gas not being yet introduced. The streets at night are quiet and secure, and the police is efficient. Schools and colleges are numerous, and the government appears to recognize the vast importance of education, which it aids with a liberality that might put richer countries to the blush. The National Library is a noble institution, comprising both a library and reading-room, the latter well supplied with home and European periodicals, and open without charge to all who choose to enter the saloon and read.

The book trade in Brazil is by no means flourishing. Native productions of the press are few; an increase of readers is but an extension of the Parisian market, whence comes the greater portion of the literature patronized by the people. Translations have been substituted for original works. Every petty *feuilleton* from the French newspapers is translated to make a book for Lisbon and Rio. Indeed the language of France is almost the language of the country—it is entirely that of good society, and held requisite to an entrance into all public institutions of a higher grade.

The newspaper press is, however, extremely prolific. Rio issues four daily, two tri-weekly, and from six to ten weekly journals. But their conduct is quite unique.

"The established papers are not, as in this country, the organs of different political parties. While they enter warmly into political discussions, they seem to consider it a duty to be always on the side of the government, or the party in power. Hence, however much any change is deprecated before it occurs, yet when it is once consummated, it is chronicled as a glorious event. If the party in the minority wish to abuse those in power, they must establish a journal for the express purpose, or publish their correspondence in handbills, which will be sent out as an accompaniment to the daily, into whose columns it could not be admitted."

The advertisements, with which the journals are

crowded, are very curious, and throw much light on the peculiarities of the people.

"One peculiar custom may be noticed, growing out of the patronage of the numerous lotteries authorized by government. Persons frequently form companies for the purchase of tickets, and those at a distance order their correspondents to purchase for them. In order to avoid any subsequent transfer or dispute, the purchaser announces, through the newspaper, the number of the ticket bought, and for whose account—as for example: 'M. F. S. purchased, by order of J. T. Pinto, two half-tickets, Nos. 1513 and 4817, of the lottery in behalf of the theatre of Itaborahy.' 'The treasurer of the company, entitled "*The Friends of Good Luck*," has purchased, on the company's account, half tickets, Nos. 3885 and 5430, of the lottery of the cathedral of Goyaz.' Following this custom, individuals who wish to publish some pert thing, usually announce it as the name of a company for the purchase of lottery tickets; although that name extends sometimes through a dozen lines of rhyme.

"Not a few of these annuncios would appear very singular among us. It was announced at one time that a solemn *Te Deum* would be celebrated on a given day, in the church of S. Francisco de Paula, for the happy restoration of Bahia, subsequent to a rebellion in that city, and that his imperial majesty would attend. A few days after the following appeared:—'The committee to make arrangements for the *Te Deum* in S. Francisco de Paula, thinking that they would better satisfy the philanthropic designs of those who have subscribed for that object, by remitting the money in their hands to Bahia, to be divided among the poor widows and orphans, and especially since *due thanks* have already, in another church, been offered to God for the restoration, have resolved not to have the proposed *Te Deum* sung, of which persons invited are now informed.'

"Again—'Senhor Jozé Domingos da Costa is requested to pay, at No. 35, Rua de S. Jozé, the sum of six hundred milreis; and in case he shall not do so in three days, his conduct will be exposed in this journal, together with the manner in which this debt was contracted.'"

The natural scenery in the neighborhood of Rio is represented as charming. Von Martius has thus depicted

EVENING IN BRAZIL.

"A delicate transparent mist hangs over the country; the moon shines brightly amidst heavy and singularly-grouped clouds. The outlines of the objects illuminated by it are clear and well defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in the shade. Scarce a breath of air is stirring, and the neighboring mimosas, that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the jaca tree, and the ethereal jambos. Sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle; the richly flowered grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshadow, like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper, and the tree-frog, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing melancholy. At intervals different balsamic odors fill the air; and flowers, alternately unfolding their leaves to the

night, delight the senses with their perfume—now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighboring orange grove—then the thick tufts of the eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowering palms, suddenly bursting, disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance; while the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fire-flies, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious odors. Brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which, glowing in solemn silence in the firmament, fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders."

Here, as in all Catholic countries, religious festivals abound. The Intrudo, answering to the carnival of Italy, is a time for unlicensed frolic, but wanting the gracefulness of the Venetian *bombons*. The pelting in Rio is performed with showers of waxen balls, made in the shape of oranges and eggs, but filled with water. The shell is of sufficient strength to admit of being thrown a considerable distance, but when it strikes, it bursts and floods the victim with its contents. This sport is played by high and low, in and out of doors, and without any respect to persons.

"In fact, whoever goes out at all on these days would do well to expect a ducking, and at least to carry his umbrella; for in the enthusiasm of the game, the waxen balls are frequently soon consumed; then come into play syringes, basins, bowls, and sometimes pails of water, and they are plied without mercy until the parties are thoroughly drenched.

"Males and females perch themselves along the balconies and windows, from which they not only throw at each other, but also at the passers by. So great, indeed, have been the excesses that have grown out of this sport, that it has been prohibited by law."

But custom is more powerful than law, and police notices are laughed at.

Religious processions are conducted with great pomp, but they appear to excite little reverence in the people; a small proportion only are seen to kneel as the host passes.

"No class enter into the spirit of these holiday parades with more zeal than the people of color. They are, moreover, specially complimented from time to time by the appearance of a colored saint, or of Nossa Senhora under an ebony skin. '*La vem o meu parente*,' 'there comes my kindred,' exclaimed an old negro standing near me, as a colored effigy, with woolly hair and thick lips, came in sight; and in the overflow of his joy the old man had expressed the precise sentiment that is addressed by such appeals to the senses and feelings of the Africans."

In spite of slavery and its usual concomitants, it is pleasant to learn that condition, and not color, is the test of respectability in Brazil. The only observance required to admit a person of any hue to all public places is that he be well dressed. A jacket is held in especial abhorrence, and a coat, however inconvenient in such a climate, is therefore indispensable to him who would be deemed respectable. At Tejuco Mr. Kidder lighted upon a novelty in mechanics.

A NEW MILL.

"The reader will imagine a stick of timber, ten feet long, poised upon a fulcrum, with six feet of

one extremity reaching to a quantity of corn in a cavity, and upon the other end a box, constructed and placed so as to receive a small stream of water from a brook running down the ravine. When the box is nearly filled with water, the equilibrium passes to the shorter extremity of the timber, and the long end is thrown up into the air; as the short end goes down the water is spilled out, and the long end falls back upon the corn. Thus, by the process of filling and spilling, the timber is kept in a regular motion, and the corn is at length pounded into meal."

The emperor moves familiarly among his subjects. He is often upon the promenade, dressed plainly as any citizen, and he salutes politely the persons he meets. The people are devotedly attached to their sovereign and his family, and unanimous in their loyalty.

The funeral ceremonies in Brazil are various, but all exhibit that fondness for parade and display which appears to be characteristic of the people. In the case of infants and young children, the occasion is considered joyous, and the procession is one of triumph. In the case of adults night is generally chosen, and there is a profusion of the usual trappings of woe. When the body is placed in the catacomb, quick-lime is thrown over it to hasten the progress of decay; and after the lapse of about twelve months, the cavity is opened, the bones are taken out, cleansed, and by the friends placed in a box, which is carried home or remains in the church.

Very different is the funeral of the slave. His body is placed in a hammock, the ends of which are fastened to a long pole carried on the shoulders of two comrades. Within the cemetery of the Misericordia a grave is daily dug in the form of a pit, seven feet square. In this are placed the bodies of those who die in the hospitals, and of the slaves and poor brought for gratuitous interment. In the evening the pit is closed, and on the next morning another yawns for its prey."

For a Christmas excursion Mr. Kidder visited some villages on the upper borders of the Bay of Rio. The government had not been so vigilant here as at Rio; robbery was rife; and education was so little cared for, that, according to a priest whom our missionary met, scarcely one in thirty of the population could read. Intemperance, too, was common.

Travelling in Brazil is sufficiently primitive. There are no carriages. All who do not walk must ride on mules or horses. Baggage is transported in the same manner. Professional carriers must travel in large troops, each troop under the care of a conductor, and regularity and security can be relied upon. This is a sketch of

A TROPEIRO.

"The first characters that engaged my attention were the two tropeiros, or conductors of the troop. They were not mounted, but preferred going on foot, in order to give proper attention to their animals and baggage. The latter being mostly of an inconvenient form, and not easily balanced, gave them great annoyance from its propensity to get loose and fall off. The principal was a very tall, athletic man, apparently about thirty years of age. His features were coarse in the extreme, and a hare-lip rendered his speech indistinct. His arms, feet, and legs to his knees, were bare; and soon after starting, off came his shirt, exhibiting a tawny and properly yellow skin. His companion,

and probably younger brother, was not so large, but appeared to have equal nerve. He was better dressed, and walked with his shoulders inclined forwards. His jet black hair was long, and hung in ringlets upon his neck. His eyes were dark and flashing, and his countenance not dissimilar to that of a North American Indian. These persons were a specimen of the Paulista tropeiros, who, as a class, differ very much from the Mineiros and conductors that visit Rio de Janeiro. They have a certain wildness in their look, which, mingled with intelligence and sometimes benignity, gives to their countenance altogether a peculiar expression. They universally wear a large pointed knife, twisted into the girdle behind. This *faça de ponta* is perhaps more essential to them than the knife of the sailor is to him. It serves to cut wood, to mend harnesses, to kill and dress an animal, to carve food, and, in case of necessity, to defend or to assault. Its blade has a curve peculiar to itself, and in order to be approved, must have a temper that will enable it to be struck through a thick piece of copper without bending or breaking. This being a favorite companion, is often mounted with a silver handle, and sometimes encased in a silver sheath, although it is generally worn naked."

It was with such a party that our missionary proceeded upon a journey into the interior. In the more unfrequented parts a species of caravanserai is erected for the accommodation of travellers, and called

A RANCHO.

"The ordinary rancho is a simple shed, or rather, a thatched roof set upon posts, entirely open below. It is built expressly for the accommodation of travellers, and its size corresponds to the public spirit of the neighborhood. Sometimes a rancho is from sixty to one hundred feet long, and proportionally wide. Occasionally one may be found inclosed. Those who first come are entitled to their choice of position. They unlade their mules, and pile up their saddles and cargo, frequently constructing a hollow square, within which they sleep, either upon skins extended on the ground, or in hammocks. Their beasts are turned out to graze for the night; and as each troop ordinarily carries such culinary apparatus as its company requires, they have abundant leisure for preparing food while their animals are resting.

"The ladies are, of course, excellent horsewomen, and not the less so because, in the absence of side-saddles, they are obliged to sit after the fashion of the other sex. The caravans, or troops, so often met with on the road, are an interesting sight.

"They are composed of from one to three hundred mules each, attended by a sufficient number of persons to manage and protect them. The animals are generally accoutred with simply a pack-saddle, bearing upon each side well-balanced panniers, containing bags of sugar, or other cargo. One, however, is trained to take the lead. This animal, selected on account of experience in the roads, and other good qualities, is often adorned by a headstall fantastically wrought with sea-shell and galoen, and crowned with plumes of peacock's feathers. The same animal wears a bell, and yields the foremost place to no other. The conductor of each troop is well mounted, and wearing a lasso at the skirt of his saddle, is ready to pick up a stray animal at any moment."

At S. Paulo Mr. Kidder made a long stay. He describes it as a delightful town, the inhabitants

highly refined and civilized, the women remarkable for beauty, grace, and *esprit*.

Among other curiosities of its neighborhood was the manufacture of madioc flour, the principal farinaceous product of Brazil, having the peculiarity of an union of a deadly poison with highly nutritious qualities. The poison is confined to the root, and the operation of preparing it for food is deemed an unwholesome one. It is cut, dried, and pressed; then pounded, moistened, and granulated. The poison is exuded in the juice; then again it is allowed to stand, when it deposits the valuable substance known in commerce as tapioca.

The domestic arrangements of a country establishment in the neighborhood of S. Paulo are thus described:—

"There was a princely profusion in the provisions for the table, but an amount of disorder in the service, performed by near a dozen waiters, which might have been amply remedied by two that understood well their business. The plate was of the most massive and costly kind. The chairs and tables were equally miserable. The sheets, pillow-cases and towels of the sleeping apartments were of cotton, but at the same time ornamented with wide fringes of wrought cambric. Thus the law of contrast seemed to prevail throughout. Dinner was served at six P. M.; supper at about nine.

"In the course of the evening half an hour was devoted to vespers. I had observed a great number of the slaves entering, who in succession addressed us with crossed hands, and the pious salutation, '*Seja louvado Nasso Senhor Jesus Christo*'—'blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ.' Presently there commenced a chant in the adjoining room, when the padre, who sat by my side, rising, said he supposed I did not pray, but that he was going to do so. I corrected his mistake, and he went out laughing, without, however, inviting any of us to accompany him. I was told that he attended these exercises merely as any other member of the family—the singing and prayers being taught and conducted by an aged black man. The devotions of the evening consisted principally of a *Novena*, a species of religious service including a litany, and consisting of nine parts, which were severally chanted on as many successive evenings. It was really pleasant to hear the sound of a hundred voices mingling in this their chief religious exercise and privilege. This assembling the slaves, generally at evening, and sometimes both at morning and evening, is said to be common on plantations in the country, and is not unfrequent among domestics in the cities. Mistresses and servants, at these times, meet on a level."

Great efforts are being made to establish the cultivation of the tea plant in Brazil, and sanguine expectations are entertained that ultimately it will be enabled, not only to supply its own wants, but to carry on a large commerce with it in other countries. The plant flourishes luxuriously, but the quality is not equal to that from China.

In the region of Coritiba, our missionary met with the famous Paraguay herb, the *Matte*.

"The infusion is prepared in a bowl. A small quantity of the leaf, mixed with sugar, is suffered to stand a short time in cold water. Boiling water is then added, and it is at once ready for use. A peculiar method of drinking has grown out of the circumstance, that the particles of leaf still swim in the tea. It is sipped through a tube, with a fine globular strainer at the end, immersed in the fluid. For ordinary and plebeian use, a reed with a

wicker bulb, neatly wrought, suffices. Among the wealthy, the *bombilha* must be silver. Great virtues are ascribed to this tea. It is said, especially if taken cold, to relieve hunger and thirst.

"Indians, who have been laboring at the oar all day, feel immediately refreshed by a cup of the herb, mixed simply with river water. In Chili and Peru, the people believe they could not exist without it; and many persons take it every hour in the day, debauching with it, as the Turks do with opium. Its use was learned from the natives; but, having been adopted, it spread among the Spaniards and Portuguese, until the demand became so great as to render the herb of Paraguay almost as fatal to the Indians of this part of America, as mines and pearl-fisheries had been elsewhere.

"The Jesuits attempted to cultivate the shrub bearing the *Matte*, but only partially succeeded. It grows spontaneously in the regions of Coritiba and Paranaguá, and flourishes best when suffered to propagate itself. I might remark, that the flavor of the *Matte* was, to my taste, quite as agreeable as that of the Chinese tea—both decoctions being, in my judgment, quite inferior to the pure water of either North or South America."

It is not only on the prairies that a hunt with the lasso may be enjoyed. It is seen at times also in the streets of Rio.

"At the *Matadouro publico*, situated on the Praya d' Ajuda, vast numbers of cattle are slaughtered daily. Among the droves that reach the capital from the distant sertões, there is occasionally an ox so wild and powerful, that he is not disposed to surrender life without a desperate struggle. He breaks from his inclosure and dashes into the streets of the city, threatening destruction to whomsoever opposes his course. A horse, caparisoned with saddle, bridle, and a lasso fastened to him by a strong girth, stands ready for the emergency, and is mounted in an instant to give pursuit. The chase is widely different in its circumstances from that which occurs in the open *campos*; but, perhaps, no interest is lost in the rapid turning of corners of streets, the heavy clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, and the hasty accumulation of spectators. In a short time, usually, the noose of the lasso strikes and fastens round the horns of the fugitive: an area is cleared and the scene above described is enacted, until the runaway ox is killed on the spot or led away in triumph to the slaughter."

At Paolo he heard the following

STORY OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

"A poor man in England, on reading the work of Mr. Mawe, had become so enthusiastic with the idea of the vegetable and mineral riches of Brazil, that in order to get to the country, he actually came out in the capacity of a servant. After reaching Rio de Janeiro, he had, by some means, found his way up the Serras into the interior, where his industrious exertions had been rewarded with success, and where the botanist found him actually possessed of a fortune."

An appendix contains a large collection of statistics and other documents, and thus closes the first volume.

The second will be heartily welcomed, if it contain as much solid information as is to be found in this, and we would only hint to the author the propriety of a little more strictness in expunging Americanisms, the single fault we have to find with a very valuable contribution to the library.

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A very inconvenient mode of publishing has of late been growing into favor. The plan is, where a work consists of more than a single volume, not to bring it out entire, but to publish the several volumes at intervals, varying from a month to a year, according to the circumstances. The evident purpose of the arrangement is to obtain as many different reviews and other advertising notoriety for each work as it numbers in volumes. The inconveniences to reviewers and to readers are, however, so great, that an effort should be made to discountenance a scheme which, if permitted to grow unchecked by rebuke, will become an intolerable nuisance. Every book will be to be judged piecemeal and read by detachments. For the mischief there is but one cure, and that is, for the journals to make a rule not to notice a book until it is offered to them in a complete form.

We are sorry to see this device adopted in America. Only a few weeks since we reviewed at some length the first volume of Mr. Kidder's *Sketches in Brazil*, and now there is a second and concluding volume, to many parts of which we should have liked to call attention in preference to some of the passages presented in the preceding notice. But as our space is limited, so must be our extracts, and the comments we made upon the first volume being equally applicable to the second, we will at once proceed as if this notice had been a continuation of the former one.

Mr. Kidder opens with the narrative of a trip upon the river Amazon. He spent some time at Bahia, which he represents as one of the most interesting of the cities of the Brazils. Here, as elsewhere, he notices the different shapes of the water-jars borne on the heads of the negroes, each place having a style peculiar to itself.

The backward state of civilization in the remoter provinces of the Brazils may be judged by the accounts given of the administration of justice there, translated from the official reports. Here is a passage.

"The period for organizing juries is the time of jubilee for criminals. The jurors being in a high degree ill-qualified, having but little general information, and still less acquaintance with the important duties of their office; and, moreover, having no personal security, can by no means be relied upon for the administration of justice and the punishment of offenders. Rare is the criminal, even among the most abandoned, who cannot find some protector; and those who have some powerful man on their side are sure to be fully absolved. This scandal has reached its climax.

"In the villa of Anadia, where a jury had not been organized for more than three years, out of thirty criminal cases, only one was found guilty; all the other defendants were pronounced innocent and falsely accused! In another case, where in ordinary circumstances it is with great difficulty that a competent number of jurors can be assembled, about sixty met for a special purpose, and on their first organization cleared all the persons complained of, and then separated."

A very unattractive description is given of Ceará.

"The first thing to be said of Ceará is, that it is literally a city built upon the sand. From the beach to the remotest suburb all is sand, sand. If a person walks, the deep sand wearies his limbs; if the sun shines, the heated sand parches his feet; and, if the wind blows, the flying sand fills his

eyes. Sand fills the streets and composes the side-walks, except that, here and there, it may be covered with a broken flagging of stone or brick. Walking, riding, and driving, seem to be equally impeded by the sand; and, for the locomotion of a single cart, it is not rare that ten oxen are employed. Nevertheless, the plan of the city is good; the streets are wide and its squares ample."

Like all countries whose inhabitants are scattered about so thinly that they are necessarily thrown back upon their own thoughts, the Brazils have been the scene of many strange superstitions. One of the most extraordinary resulted from a popular belief in Portugal, transferred to Pernambuco, that Don Sebastian, the King of Portugal, who perished in an expedition against the Moors in Africa, will make his reappearance on earth, as each of the faithful believes, during his own lifetime. Among those who at various times have sought to impose themselves upon the credulity of the people as the expected Don Sebastian, was a fanatic named João Antonio, who had fixed upon a remote part of the province of Pernambuco for the appearance of the expected warrior.

"The place designated was a dense forest, near which were known to be two acroceraunian caverns. The spot the impostor said was an enchanted kingdom, which was about to be disenchanted, whereupon Don Sebastian would immediately appear at the head of a great army, with glory, and with power to confer wealth and happiness upon all who should anticipate his coming by associating themselves with said João Antonio.

"As might be expected, he found followers, who, after a while, learned that the imaginary kingdom was to be disenchanted by having its soil sprinkled with the blood of one hundred innocent children! In default of a sufficient number of children, men and women were to be immolated, but in a few days they would all rise again, and become possessed of the riches of the world. The prophet appears to have lacked the courage necessary to carry out his bloody scheme, but he delegated power to an accomplice, named João Ferreira, who assumed the title of 'his Holiness,' put a wreath of rushes upon his head, and required the proselytes to kiss his toe, on pain of instant death. After other deeds too horrible to describe, he commenced the slaughter of human beings. Each parent was required to bring forward one or two of his children to be offered. In vain did the prattling babes shriek and beg that they might not be murdered. The unnatural parents would reply, 'No, my child, there is no remedy,' and forcibly offer them. In the course of two days he had thus, in cold blood, slain twenty-one adults and twenty children, when a brother of the prophet, becoming jealous of 'his Holiness,' thrust him through and assumed his power. At this juncture some one ran away, and apprized the civil authorities of the dreadful tragedy.

"Troops were called out, who hastened to the spot, but the infatuated Sebastianists had been taught not to fear anything, but that, should an attack be made upon them, it would be the signal for the restoration of the kingdom, the resurrection of their dead, and the destruction of their enemies. Wherefore, on seeing the troops approach, they rushed upon them, uttering cries of defiance, attacking those who had come to their rescue, and actually killing five, and wounding others, before they could be restrained. Nor did they submit until twenty-nine of their number, including three women,

had actually been killed. Women, seeing their husbands dying at their feet, would not attempt to escape, but shouted, 'The time is come; *viva, viva*, the time is come!' Of those that survived, a few escaped into the woods; the rest were taken prisoners. It was found that the victims of this horrid delusion had not even buried the bodies of their murdered offspring and kinsmen, so confident were they of their immediate restoration."

A curious trait is recorded of the Brazilian carriers. When, on account of a high load, they are unable to spring upon their horses' backs at one leap, they deliberately take hold of the horse's tail, place their foot upon the gambrel joint, and walk up over the hips of the animal.

Mr. Kidder attributes the low state of improvement in Brazil to the great natural advantages of the country. The food necessary to maintain life can be procured in such abundance that there is no necessity for hard work, and men will not labor without the stimulus of necessity. The water-melon is, during the season, the principal food of the population, and it is so abundant, that the finest are to be purchased at twenty cents for a hundred. Thus, for a single penny, could a man be fed for a week.

In the river Amazon he noticed a phenomenon very similar to the *bore*s that characterize some of our tidal rivers.

"This phenomenon is called, from its aboriginal name, *pororoca*, and gives character to the navigation of the Amazon for hundreds of miles. No sailing craft can descend the river while the tide is running up. Hence, both in ascending and descending, distances are measured by tides. For instance, Pará is three tides from the ocean, and a vessel entering with the flood must lie at anchor during two ebb tides before she can reach the city. Canoes and small vessels are sometimes endangered in the commotion caused by the *pororoca*, and hence they generally, in anticipation, lay-to in certain places called *esperas* or resting-places, where the water is known to be but little agitated. Most of the vessels used in the commerce of the upper Amazon are constructed with reference to this peculiarity of the navigation, being designed for floating on the current rather than for sailing before the wind, although their sails may often be made serviceable.

"The ebb and flow of the tides in the Amazon are observed with regularity six hundred miles above the mouth, at the confluence of the river Madeira. The *pororoca* is much more violent on the northern side of the island of Marajó, where the mouth is wider and the current more shallow. It was well described by Condamine a hundred years ago, in these terms:

"During three days before the new and full moons, the period of the highest tides, the sea, instead of occupying six hours to reach its flood, swells to its highest limit in one or two minutes. It might be inferred that such a phenomenon could not take place in a very tranquil manner. The noise of this terrible flood is heard five or six miles, and increases as it approaches. Presently you see a liquid promontory twelve or fifteen feet high, followed by another and another, and sometimes by a fourth. These watery mountains spread across the whole channel, and advance with a prodigious rapidity, rending and crushing everything in their way. Immense trees are instantly uprooted by it, and sometimes whole tracts of land are swept away."

A short account of the Brazil-nut will be new to many.

"It is not generally known that the triangular fruit, called in England and the United States the Brazil-nut, is only produced in the northern parts of the empire. It grows spontaneously in great abundance in the forests of the Amazon. The Portuguese call it '*Castanha do Maranhão*,'—the Maranhão chestnut, it having first been exported from that province. It grows upon the lofty branches of a giant tree, the *bertholletia excelsa*. When the fruit is new, and not hardened by age, it is much more delicious than afterward."

During the revolution of 1823, an event occurred, which rivals in horror the Black Hole of Calcutta.

"A large number of prisoners were taken, and five ringleaders in the revolt were shot in the public square. Thence returning on board, he received, the same evening, an order from the president of the junta, to prepare a vessel large enough to hold two hundred prisoners. A ship of six hundred tons burden was accordingly selected. It afterwards appeared, that the number of prisoners actually sent on board by the president was two hundred and fifty-three. These men, in the absence of Captain Grenfell, were forced into the hold of the prison-ship and placed under the guard of fifteen Brazilian soldiers.

"Crowded until almost unable to breathe, and suffering alike from heat and thirst, the poor wretches attempted to force their way on deck, but were repulsed by the guard, who, after firing upon them, and fastening down the hatchway, threw a piece of ordnance across it, and effectually debarred all egress. The stifling sensation caused by this exclusion of air drove the suffering crowd to utter madness, and many are said to have lacerated and mangled each other in the most horrible manner. Suffocation, with all its agonies, succeeded. The aged and the young, the strong and feeble, the assailant and his antagonist, all sank down exhausted and in the agonies of death. In the hope of alleviating their sufferings, a stream of water was at length directed into the hold, and towards morning the tumult abated; but from a cause which had not been anticipated. Of all the two hundred and fifty-three, four only were found alive, who had escaped destruction by concealing themselves behind a water-butt."

But we must bring to a conclusion this notice of a work which we should not have treated at so great a length, but that the country to which it is devoted is little known to English readers.

LORD, this morning my unreasonable visiting of a friend disturbed him in the midst of his devotions; unhappy to hinder another man's goodness. If I myself build not, shall I snatch the axe and hammer from him that doth? Yet I could willingly have wished, that rather than he should then have cut off the cable of his prayers, I had twisted my cord to it, and had joined with him in his devotions; however, to make him the best amends I may, I now request of thee for him, whatsoever he would have requested for himself. Thus he shall be no loser, if thou be pleased to hear my prayer for him, and to hearken to our Saviour's intercession for us both.—Fuller.

From the United Service Magazine.

PERA.

THERE are four bays which have long stood preëminent for magnitude and beauty—viz., the Bay of Naples, the Bay of Constantinople, the Bay of Smyrna, and the Bay of Dublin. I have visited and studied them all in my day: the scenery and character of each is widely different; each possessing a marked claim for admiration. The two which contend for the palm are those of Naples and Constantinople. I would give the preference to the latter. True, the lovely, sunny scenery in and around the Bay of Naples created a feeling of lightness, of levity—the fairy scene deadens reality—care is shorn of his black, sluggish wings, and all seems in unison with the customs of the giddiest and most thoughtless people in the world. The Scottish bard said—

“Man was made to mourn!”

I would defy him to make out this truism in Naples! there man becomes a bagatelle, there he wears the cap and bells as the symbol of wisdom. But on entering the still and sombre waters of the Bosphorus, an unaccountable deep impression of awe passes over us, perhaps arising from the association of the fact of nightly victims being silently dropped into these deep waters, sewed up alive in sacks to quietly expiate their fancied crimes. Had the walls of the prison of the Seven Towers possessed a tongue, what tales of suffering and sorrow would it reveal! Ere you cast your anchor in that fine bay, you glide past those sombre Seven Towers—look at them!—they will afford you ample subject for the dreamy night, whether on land or sea—even at the time you gaze, some silent deadly work is most likely going on—thank your stars! Should policy require it, your turn might be the next.

Beauty of situation and scenery does much, association does more; then for depth and intensity of interest, give me the Bay of Constantinople. On entering these deep, deep, silent waters, where a 74 can at all times draw up to the water's edge; the splendid city with its gilded mosques and endless minarets, reflected in the glassy mirror of the deep, seem to repose as if in fairy dream; but the restless idea of the bow-string is ever and anon present—every plunge which the numerous wild fowl make into the silent bay, gives the impression, that it is the knell of some unhappy fellow-creature, who has sunk into oblivion—it is vain to resist the powerful imaginings of strangulation! suffocation! and decapitation! And the apparently devoted ship seems to glide into the bay, watched on every side by the silent and designing emissaries of a strange and despotic government. It is said, that man is by nature suspicious; let him enter the Bay of Constantinople, then he will have an opportunity of showing how far his confidence in his fellow-man extends.

Contrast is everything, and the more opposite, the better; how little relish would the most choice and renowned spots of earth bestow, were it not from association! Look on the plains of Marathon, of Troy, of Marengo, of Waterloo, ay, and Bannockburn, deserted and bleak at best in their appearance, but rich and glorious from association. Then gaze with stirring interest on Constantinople; the site of the ancient Byzantium; for the moment forget the barbarian; think of the Hippodrome, near which the Emperor Constantine planted and

proudly unfurled the banner of Christianity on the dome of St. Sophia. Oh, Greece, like

“Rome, thou art no more,
As thou hast been!”

The splendid church and altar is taken possession of by the Moslem. The fine and chaste structure of St. Sophia is now the chief mosque of the Mahometan, from which magnificent dome and minaret is hourly heard the solemn impressive cry of the infidel, “There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!” Fanaticism sharpens the edge of the sword, and it was with fire and sword, that the poor, though clever youth, Mahomet, after marrying a rich widow, and giving even richer promises, spread his faith far and near, even at this day reigning paramount to all other creeds as to the number of his proselytes.

The finest, in truth, the only pleasing and gay quarter, or faubourg of Constantinople, is that of Pera; as to the rest, Galata, in fact, the great mass of this extensive city, seems to be day and night sunk in gloom; if plague is not there, it seems to be lurking there; the closely latticed windows, the barred doors, the sluggish Turk, the wan-looking opium-eater, the dirty narrow streets, the lazy gutter in the centre of each, half choked up with the carcasses of dogs, cats, and rats, the nauseating effluvia constantly ascending from this mass of corruption, gives augur of anything but good. Pera alone infuses life to the universal deathlike stillness—the choice residence of the embassies of all the European nations—there, there alone, exists a fellowship, a frank and goodly intercourse far remote from the secluded habits of the Turk; from embassy to embassy the nightly visits are made; from day to day, the consuls of the various nations, receive. On my arrival, these ceremonies being nearly gone through, they finished with the introduction to our ambassador, and a most agreeable and gratifying finish it was; in due form presented at the foot of the throne, to the late excellent and worthy Sir R—t L—n, one, always in public and private life, the gentleman; outward pomp seemed to sit heavily on him, and he soon and gladly assumed the frankness of a countryman—talked of Scotland—of his little favorite villa at the foot of the Pentland hills, warmly expressing a hope to see me there still; “for,” said he, “wander as we Scotchmen may, we weary to see the bonnie blooming heather again before we die!” After-years realized that warm and glowing wish; I saw and met with the worthy knight at the foot of the Pentlands, bestowing the same kindly and bland smile as when I had seen him in a foreign land. Grown old in his long and faithful services he closed his honored and venerable years in his mother's cottage, the place of his birth. He regarded this cottage with a feeling almost of veneration, preserving it with his utmost care and in all its pristine simplicity. The enlargement, the classical and tasteful additions to the tower, were never allowed to encroach on the hallowed precincts of the cottage; “it was there where my honored parent used to sit; and it was here where she used to watch over me many an evening, when I was a boy, fishing with my crooked pin in this burn!” His voice was tremulous, this might have arisen from the result of age; but there was a something so mild—so true to nature—that it made a deep impression on me.

To return to Pera. We entered the striking and splendid Bay of Constantinople in the month

of January, 1820, under all the feeling and imagery of an eastern dream, landing near to the well-known fountain of Tophana;—stepped ashore; but, oh, where was the witchery of Constantinople when we trod over these filthy, disgusting streets, pervading that deceptive capital! all which before seemed glittering and beautiful in the distance, resolved itself in a moment into the horrors of reality. The squalid multitude, the endless torrent of wolfish and mongrel dogs, swarming in every direction, still do their duty as a useful and efficient cleansing police to the great city of Constantinople; they ravenously gobble up the filth and the offal, cast in abundance into the streets; in the morning the blanched bones are only left; during the night they snarl, crunch, snarl and crunch away; the early rays of the morning see them back to their hiding holes in the neighborhood of the city; gloated for the day, they sleep in their caves to gain renovated strength for the approaching night. Much has been written of the peculiarities of these dogs, both in Constantinople and Lisbon. I have only touched on this remarkable feature during the passing moment.

After my arrival, a month scarcely elapsed till news arrived of the death of our aged king, George the Third; the gloomy appearance of this city seemed only to want the completion of the melancholy announcement, particularly for English subjects; the news arrived by express at the close of the month of February.

The palace of the British ambassador is admirably situated on the height of the hill of Pera, commanding a fine and extensive view of the Bosphorus; in truth, it is the only building amongst the many which, from its choice and extensive boundaries, really merits the name of palace. In the walks and garden, laid out in good taste, I was amused with Lady L——'s strenuous efforts to rear the gooseberry-bush; she did so from her early attachment to Scotland; in that clime, the plants did not succeed; this seemed to disappoint her; she said, "I have the oatmeal cake here, yet I cannot rear the gooseberry!"

On the Sunday, or *jour de fête*, following the official announcement of the death of George the Third, all the representatives of the many nations assembled in the halls of the British ambassador, to offer in person their condolence for the demise of the aged monarch; there stood Sir R—— and his lady, attired in the garb of woe; then entered the Turk, the Russian, the Persian, the Greek, the Armenian, in short, the *élite* of all nations, in their varied and glittering costumes; they came to pay their respectful homage to the earthly throne of the departed: that impressive night bore a singular and strange aspect. In our own country, at best, such a fancy reunion bears but a poor and meagre semblance to the reality; the want of feeling, the want of depth and character, the utter somnolency of my frigid country, destroys all. But here was seen the Persian prince, stiffened in his golden worked pelisse, treading his slow and solemn pace through the halls, his snowy beard profusely descending to his girdle, shadowing the dazzling diamonds and precious stones which encircled the hilt of his dagger reflected in unison with the brilliant lights of these dazzling halls. The Russian, the Austrian, the Frenchman, decked in crosses and ribbons, the morose and gloomy Turk, with pistol and yatigan, the Greek, the

Armenian, all, all attired according to the costume of their nation; then came the contrast—the simple sombre cast of the English—the lady ambassador, in full mourning, the ambassador, in the same sable suit, simply relieved with the ribbon of the Order of the Thistle. In the hall, on that night, the philosopher might have gathered much goodly fruit. What was this! The empty display of emptiness after all. What was George the Third to them, or they to him! The supper-room and ball-room gave the only substantial proof of their fidelity. The night wore on, the solitary dismal bell was rung out at the gateway, the Janissaries were mounted at their post, the visitors in due time passed away, and the palace at last reposed in rest for the coming day.

The morning!—the first rays of the eastern sun are refreshing; excepting man, all nature seems to rejoice; it is then, in these climes, we fancy we hear the silent and impressive hymn of nature, "Rejoice and be glad."

The next forenoon, on waiting to pay our respects to the ambassador, he asked if we wished to see the Grand Signor walk in procession to the mosque next day, (Friday, the Turkish Sabbath;) if so, the protection of his janissary was at our service. We gladly accepted his considerate offer. The next morning we crossed the Golden Horn, and entered Constantinople proper. The bustle, the elbowing, the independent Turk knocking about from right to left the Christian infidel, the turmoil increasing as we still groped our way through the crowded bazaars, ere we could arrive at a resting point in front of the palace, or seraglio gate, from out of which the sultan was to issue, accompanied with all his retinue, was trying enough; thanks to Sir Robert's janissary—without him, we could not have reached the desirable spot; without him we would not have met with even the little respect which we did. The minutiae of these eastern spectacles have been often described; the gorgeousness was striking; the universal silence and slavish submission was impressive; the stirring huzza, the open, warm greetings of an independent people, were not heard; even the good-humored hootings of a Cheapside rabble would have thrown a halo around this sombre, dragging feeling of thralldom and oppression; the venomous snake drags its sullen, slimy length along; so did the procession of Mahmoud, as it entered the portal of the mosque of St. Sophia. Mahmoud looked grave, and well he might; his head executioner rode in state by his side, a sort of *memento mori*!

These with many other varied sights passed on, each of their kind abounding in interest. Yet were I asked, "Would you wish to pass your days here?" I would answer in the negative. Charming for the moment as it seems to be, still it jars against the early and strong impressions of former days.

Farewell to Pera! I have seen it under a lovely and fascinating veil, still it looked to me as if the shroud of death hung in the deep folds of much comeliness over the charnel-house of plague and leprosy.

In after years, when breathing the fresh and wholesome air of the mountain and the glen, in the strength of my frame, I may laugh at such an impression, and long to join thee again—on after conviction, admitting—the wide world is my country.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *The Narrow and Wide Gauges considered; also, Effects of Competition and Government Supervision.* Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.
2. *The Gauge Question. Evils of a Diversity of Gauge and their Remedy.* By WYNDHAM HARDING. Weale, High Holborn.
3. *Railway Record*, 1845.
4. *Martin's Thames and Metropolis Improvement Plan, to embank the River Thames and preserve the Sewage.* Ridgway. 1842.
5. *Thames Embankment and Railway Prospectuses. Central Terminus.*
6. *The Railway System and its Author, Thomas Gray, now of Exeter. A Letter to the Right Honorable Sir Robert Peel, Bart.* By THOMAS WILSON, Esq., Chevalier de l'Ordre Neerlandais. London: Effingham Wilson. 1845.
7. *Observations on a General Iron Railway, or Land Steam Conveyance, to supersede the Necessity of Horses in all Public Vehicles; showing its vast superiority in every respect over the present pitiful methods of Conveyance by Turnpike Roads and Canals. With Plates and Maps illustrative of the plan.* Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London. 1820.

TWELVE months have elapsed since, in these pages,* we recorded our opinion of the unwise course pursued by railway directors in seeking to maintain a monopoly of transport at high rates, regarding only their own apparent interest, and treating the public pocket as their oyster—to be opened by force at their pleasure. Earnestly did we warn them against the evil of this course, and the certainty of competing lines being the result. Earnestly did we counsel them to improve in every way their machinery, and reduce their wasteful expenditure: cutting down their charges to the public to one half, and as much lower as possible; maintaining the same rate of dividend by doubling their traffic. We warned them against the fallacy of their amalgamation plans, and the universal odium they would produce if they could be used for the purpose of oppressing the public by the denial of new and competing lines. Our words fell on deaf ears; innumerable ropes of sand were contrived; clasping hands disguised hating hearts; agreements were signed and broken ere the ink was dry; cupidity strode onwards blindfold, and fell into pitfalls. And what now is the result?

High prices have been maintained, till competition has been stimulated to the projection of new lines more direct than the old ones; and then, when it was too late, down dropped the fares. With the reduction the traffic increased, and profits also, but too late to destroy competition. London and York direct, and London and Manchester direct, claim a share of the traffic that now passes over the rails of the London and Birmingham, and sooner or later they will have it; but not, therefore, does it follow that the London and Birmingham will lessen their total amount of traffic. Day by day, year by year, it accumulates like a rolling snowball, and will continue so to do so long as materials shall exist in our land to work up for various uses. No truth is more certain than that railways create or rather induce traffic, and every fresh line, unless a direct parallel at a very short distance, must help to increase the traffic of others.

Small is the respect we can entertain for railway rulers, when we contemplate their seeming utter ignorance of all philosophic rules of conduct; wasting thousands on thousands in fruitless opposition to the public advantage; wasting the very means which, if rightly applied, would enable them to improve their arrangements and reduce their fares. The money thus expended is of little consequence—it merely changes hands; the waste is of the mass of intellect engaged by ignorant directors in legal strife—hired to impede progress—to prevent the execution of works important to the community. Engineers and lawyers engaged in battle array for the pettiest of all squabbles—not even a pretext for the truth—only a desire for victory, whether it be to achieve, or to prevent the achieving, of useful work.

In this struggle the railway department of the board of trade has sustained damage. Put to execute a task beyond human power, it has been unintentionally an instrument for railway jobbing. Neither hands nor heads were adequate in number to execute the amount of work, and yet it was expected that the work should be done in secrecy, and with accuracy. That committees of the house of commons have reversed the decisions of the board of trade is of little moment, and the unquestionable benefit remains to the public, that personal transport in a sheltered carriage can now be obtained at a maximum of one penny per mile. And as the board is still to retain its position of standing counsel for the public, we have no doubt that it will ere long obtain the concession, that as many of these cheap carriages as the public may require shall be attached to every train. Nor will any very long time elapse ere the same accommodations will be obtained at one halfpenny per mile. The savings yet to be made in expenses are obvious and palpable.

The groundwork of objection made by the old lines to new ones is futile. It springs from a cramped perception. The earliest railways were made for the specific purpose of communication between two distant towns of large traffic—as Liverpool and Manchester, and the intermediate communication was but little heeded. The subsequent lines were constructed on similar principles, and for such traffic is the battle now waged. The true value and uses of railways has not yet dawned on men's minds. They are the future streets of the coming time, when horse and foot transit shall be nearly extinct: when the conquest of time and space, by steam or other power, shall have made intercommunication perfect between every farm, village, town, and manufactory throughout the island; when the industrious races, no longer driven away by high or uncertain rates of transit, shall people the whole borders of the lines; when farms and manufactories shall work in unison, and contribute to increased results; when the most improved labor among processes shall be applied to the production of food as well as other articles.

This principle is obvious, and may be thus illustrated:—The value of Regent street does not consist in its being the line of transit between Waterloo place and the city road, but in being the medium of communication with numerous wealthy buildings on either side. Take away the buildings, and the street would become a comparatively insignificant road. And these houses have been built because there exists facilities for the supply of water, fuel, and provisions. Take up the

* "Westminster Review," No. LXXXII.

water-pipes, and break up the road, the result would at no distant period be analogous to one of "Sultan Mahmoud's ruined villages."

Crowded cities have been a result of slow and expensive transit, and therefore highways, on the old system, have not become lines of farms, factories, and dwellings. But for this, water-pipes would have been laid throughout. With the advent of railways the difficulty ceases, and towns may expand, for ten miles of railway are but as three miles of omnibus. Our railways will become streets of detached buildings, factories, dwellings, and farms, so soon as their uses shall be rightly appreciated; that the petty profits of distant transit shall merge and be overwhelmed in the huge gain to be wrought out from the land which bounds them; that the suicidal process of high fares shall be abandoned, which, like heavy turnpike tolls, deter the public from their territories.

There would doubtless be a difficulty in having frequent stoppages on main trunk lines where high speeds are used, but this may be easily surmounted where there is much transit both of goods and passengers. No two rates of speed should be permitted on account of the risk thereby involved. If goods are to travel, they should travel at the same rate as the passengers, unless the passengers were confined to day transit, and the goods to the night. But the true mode would be to have four lines of rails, two for goods and two for passengers. The goods lines would serve for slow transit and frequent stoppages, and at this conclusion we are satisfied the main lines must arrive at last. It may be urged that they would be costly, but what of that, if the amount of transit be in proportion? What if it should turn out, as we have no doubt it would, that it would be worth while to construct a railway without regard to transit, and solely for the sake of the existence and cultivation along its borders.

The first settlers in a country usually select for their abodes the banks of navigable rivers, because they there find water and cheap transit; good valley land for cultivation, and the forest trees for fuel and other purposes. The hills are mostly avoided, because thereon few of these conveniences are found. The valley is a natural level, but the railway is an artificial level, which may be carried along the hill-sides as well as along the valleys, and by art we can supply all other essentials. We can lay water mains, liquid manure mains, and gas mains, along the whole length of the lines; and with carriages and wagons for the transport of persons, fuel, and other necessities, over the surface, what more can we require to form perfect settlements?

On the old highways the stations or posting-houses usually served as stables, inns, and farms. On railways the same system might be continued on improved principles. It is allowed on all hands that, for frequent stoppages, stationary power with atmospheric traction is preferable to the locomotive—if upon no other principle—that one-fourth the strength of roadway is sufficient for the atmospheric principle, as compared with the locomotive. It has been objected to stationary engines, that much power is thereby wasted, inasmuch as the steam is kept constantly up at pressure, while it is only required at intervals. But, properly applied, there is no need for waste; the power may all be economically applied to farm and other purposes.

In applying to parliament for an atmospheric, or

indeed any other line, powers should be taken to purchase a mile in width of land on either side the railway, to apply improved cultivation thereon, with factories at intervals. The engines at the stations would be central positions, at which to carry on improved farming and gardening, independent of times and seasons, and with the minimum of human drudgery. On the thousand-and-one uses to which steam power could be applied in such circumstances it were needless to dwell. Combined with the enormous facilities to be afforded by the exceeding cheapness of glass, the effects will be almost marvellous. If a proof were needed of the cramped vision of our railway makers as to the uses of railways, it would be found in the charge made by the opponents of the atmospheric principle, that the surplus power of the stationary engines must be wasted, as if in a thickly-peopled country, with intense energy at work, any surplus power would long lie waste without uses being devised for it. Whether the atmospheric principle be adapted for long lines and great speeds, is a problem yet to be solved; but there can be no question as to its preference where frequent stoppages are required. The question of its superior economy we have treated in a former number, and we have not yet met with any reason why we should change the opinion we there expressed.

For long lines and high speeds it is essential that stoppages should not be frequent. Such lines are merely connecting links between distant places, and may be regarded as express lines. But they should be bordered by lines for frequent stoppage, upon the same principle in which streets in towns are laid out—a roadway for the fast-going vehicles, and footpaths for the slow-moving pedestrians. Were there no footpaths—were pedestrians obliged to traverse the same road as the vehicles, numerous accidents would occur, and such is the case where fast trains are intermingled with slow ones.

In all farm cultivation, as in factories, transit is one of the most costly items. No farms laid out on the ordinary plans, with mere highway transit, could compete with farms laid out along a line of railway, any more than a factory with distant cartage could compete with one situated on a canal or railway, and ultimately, when the uses of railways are thoroughly apprehended, all new farms and factories will be located thereon; and in self-defence, the existing farm and factory owners must construct railways along their roads and streets. Where the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain! Upon this principle we feel assured that ere long the system will commence of laying down lines of rails along all the borders of highways, communicating with the various farms.

A stationary engine should be as much the central moving power—the nucleus of a farm—as of a factory. No factory of any magnitude is now constructed without an engine, and the factory is the centre of a neighborhood of greater or less extent. Supposing a railway to be constructed through a line of factories, the engine power of those factories might be used for the purpose of atmospheric traction during meal times, exhausting a receiver for that purpose. And thus in farm districts the power need only be applied to road purposes when required, using it for farm purposes at all other times.

Hitherto it has been the practice to consider agriculture and manufactures as two distinct branches of human industry, with separate interests. We

hold this to be an entire fallacy, not merely for the mercantile reason that workmen are the farmer's customers, but as still more important on account of economy in production. The reason why an apparent rivalry and belief in opposite interests has grown up, it is not difficult to point out. Workmen on a farm are spread over large spaces—workmen in factories occupy little space, and within buildings. When machinery was first applied to handicraft operations, it was by the aid of water power. The position of the water power determined the localities of factories—and thus grew up manufacturing houses. It was convenient to have workmen closely congregated—indeed it was impossible they should be otherwise; and when steam power rendered water power comparatively valueless, by its superior cheapness and convenience, other customs remained the same. Unconsumed coal and fuel wasted in smoke added their deteriorating effects to crowded and miserable hovels, and thus a race of white or dirty savages were generated, conspicuous chiefly for low cunning and mere animal habits, except in cases where the intellect and humanity of their employers were considerably above par.

And if this smoke nuisance were to continue as a necessary concomitant of steam power, agriculture and factories must necessarily continue in isolation. Nay more—steam power would be precluded altogether from the service of agriculture. But it is not so, and notwithstanding the injudicious attempt lately made to put down smoke according to law, there is abundant hope that it will be accomplished by individual interest. We have heard that Muspratt, of Liverpool, afflicted that town for many years with an intolerable nuisance from his chemical works in a gaseous form, and that after his removal was procured, either by law or concession, a simple mode was discovered of converting the noxious gas into a valuable article of commerce. And very similar to this has been the succession of processes with gas tar.

So also will it be with smoke. The produce of combustion is the food of plants. The mass of combustion takes place in towns where there are no plants. When it shall take place in the neighborhood of plants, smoke will be turned to account like other materials; or what is the same thing, perfect combustion will be ensured—for smoke is merely a result of imperfect combustion. In railway locomotives prepared fuel is used, from which the smoke material has been driven off by previous burning. In other words, the equilibrium of the gases has been nearly adjusted to induce clear combustion. It is a well-known fact, that definite quantities of certain gases are essential to combustion, so perfect as to burn the whole amount; and it seems to us that a far less wasteful process than coking, would be to make artificial fuel, by combining various kinds of coal in such proportion as to obtain the due admixture. For centuries we have been in the habit of wasting our small coal at the pit's mouth. Of late, artificial fuel is made from it—in one mode by uniting it with gas tar—in another, by a self-acting cement; but probably the best mode would be simple pressure, or pressure and percussion, combined, such as Naysmith's pile-drivers would produce. By proper admixture, and with fitting machines, artificial fuel might be thus produced, perfect in its chemical composition, and of the best mechanical form, to ensure perfect combustion.

We have heard an objection made to the atmos-

pheric principle of railway, on the ground of the great disfigurement of the country, and especially of rural beauty, by the constant recurrence of tall chimney-stalks. And there is no doubt that, disguise them as we might, they would remain unsightly; a steeple or a tower, however lofty and ornamented, would, if used as a chimney, produce an unpleasant effect. Recurring at frequent intervals, the sameness would be painful, however we might try to vary the forms, and the cost would be great, both of construction and repairs. The objection has great force, but we think it might be obviated, even under present circumstances, by the adoption of various plans. Two fire-places might be used—the main fire of coal—and a second fire of coke, at such a distance in advance of the first that the smoke could be burnt in passing over or through it. But we think the true method will be found in the preparation of smokeless fuel, chemically and mechanically arranged, as we have pointed out. With regard to draught to compensate for low chimneys, we think blowers may be resorted to. A small portion of power might thus be wasted, but it would be compensated for in other modes, such as saving in chimney and repairs, and other important objects which we shall point out at a future time.

The Epsom line may be considered the first of the atmospherics, as regards their application to purposes of great utility, the Dalkey being little more than "a bit of amusement." The house of lords has thrown out the "Portsmouth Direct" for the present, and thereby given time for maturing the Epsom. Were we counsellors to the Epsom, we would go seriously to work to put the value of the atmospheric principle beyond all dispute. We would pay no heed to long lines or short lines, to greater or less speed; we would disregard the question of distant transit altogether. We would procure a well or underground tank to be made to receive the liquid contents of the sewers, either of Croydon or of the Deptford marsh. By stationary engine power we could force this sewer water through a line of pipes along the course of the railway to the next stationary engine, used for working the line, in the neighborhood of which land fit for agricultural purposes, could be found. We would then, by the means of the engine power, force the sewer water up a stand pipe precisely similar to the mode used by the water companies for high service. Having secured, on lease or otherwise, a sufficient extent of ground proportioned to the supply of sewer water, we would apply it to the land in the mode thus described in Martin's "Thames Embankment and Metropolis Improvement Plans," p. 17.

"The consideration which I have so long given to this most important subject, leads me here to propose a system of distributing the manure, which appears to me to be greatly superior in economy and efficiency to the foregoing, or to any at present in use:—it is to apply the well-known principle of *fluids finding their level*:—thus, to convey the sewage in its most fluid state, by means of pipes, from the principal receptacle, or great sewers, and to then pump it up into a small receptacle or Hydraulic Tower of sufficient elevation, from which a pipe should descend, and be laid down into the centre of the tract to be manured. A cock and strong caoutchouc cloth hose, with one or more small branches, should be attached to the extremity of the pipe, and a swivel cock placed at the junction of the branches to allow of their being easily

moved round; by these means, each hose being guided by a man, the manure could be turned on and projected in every direction in the same way as the firemen discharge water upon a fire; and, without moving the main hose, a space of three miles in circumference could be manured with only one half-mile of iron pipe, the same hose serving to manure the whole tract, and be then readily transported to another locality."

The value of this system may be understood from the fact that land in the neighborhood of Edinburgh has risen in value from 2*l.* to 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and 40*l.* per acre, as meadow land, by the simple application of sewer water, by which means four and five annual crops of grass are obtained.* One cause of the value of this Edinburgh land is its proximity to the city. But land bordering a railway, is, if the railway be rightfully applied, equally available at ten miles distance as ordinary land at one.

To this same station we would lay down a main of water-pipes from the most eligible supply along the whole course of the line; and we would also lay down a main of gas-pipes.

At the station, we would enclose on the cheap-plan of an ordinary railway terminus, from two to four acres of land in a square form, with brick walls, say twenty feet high. The roof to be in spans of fifty to sixty feet, formed of iron, and supported on iron columns. The whole of this we would cover in with hail-proof glass, a process that will be ultimately cheaper than slating, and far

more durable. In Belgium, we believe, at this time glass for green-house purposes is sold at the rate of ten shillings per hundred superficial feet, weighing fourteen ounces to the foot. We are much mistaken if the two railway magnates who have just established a glass-work in Sunderland will not produce it cheaper than this.

Around the outer wall we would erect dwellings of two floors, leaving four gateways into the inner square. The exuvie from these dwellings would be carried by pipes to a common receptacle to be applied to the purposes of manure, so chemically prepared on the plans of Liebig as to neutralize all odor. The number of dwellings surrounding an enclosure of four acres would be about eighty. Assuming four grown persons for each, the exuvie would be equivalent to manure the heavy corn crops of one hundred and sixty acres of ground, and be worth £300 per annum or more.

The internal building or green-house would thus be very cheaply attained. The external walls would be gratuitous, as being part of the houses, and the central columns would serve as rain conduits; the ground would require no paving or laying, and the only real cost would be the roof.

The application of this large green-house would be for the production of vegetables in the winter time. Four acres thus enclosed and sheltered would be multiplied in value many fold. Produced on the very verge of the railway, the crops could be gathered and delivered direct into the markets of the city within an hour of cutting. At other periods the external land could be applied to the same purposes.

For all these arrangements the steam-engine would be a most valuable adjunct. The waste steam would warm the green-house and the dwellings, and would serve the purposes of cookery, either in a general kitchen or separately. The condensation water would supply baths, and thus be rendered available for irrigation purposes. It would serve also for washing clothes, and the steam would serve for drying them.

The question that will be asked is, "How will all this pay?" We answer that it will pay better than a railway. Each house will be worth 4*l.* per annum in exuvie, which would pay all the interest on the inner enclosure or green-house. The next question will be, "Who will occupy the dwellings?" We answer that there will be many fold more applicants than dwellings. The railway will ultimately communicate with the city and Hungerford market. Many thousands of persons are there in those neighborhoods, who would think the millennium come, if told that they could have houses warmed, ventilated, gas-lighted, thoroughly drained and supplied with hot and cold water in a healthy country district, transit included, for less money than they could obtain the same for in London. Our pages will not afford space for all the calculations, but we are satisfied that those interested would find it a "paying speculation," more secure than a railway. We are satisfied that, with such arrangements, no long time would elapse ere the washing, cooking, and domestic services of the whole establishment would merge in one general body of servants, precisely like the establishments at club-houses. A school for the children would be a matter of course.

At intervals between the atmospheric stations it would be advantageous to place factories, involving no nuisances, such factories having slidings to the railway. In all cases we suppose the smoke

* We quote the following from the prospectus of a company about to carry out Mr. Martin's plans.

"The great value of liquid manure, when applied to fertilize the land, has long been known and acknowledged, and of late the importance of the subject has been rendered more obvious by means of treatises on agricultural chemistry, and the experience of numerous enlightened persons who have used it on their farms and estates; more especially at Edinburgh, where lands that were previously worth but from 5*s.* to 1*l.* per acre, have by means of it, been brought to yield a net rent of 20*l.* to 30*l.* per acre per annum. In regard to the drainage of populous towns, it assumes a still more important aspect; for, besides the value of the sewage as manure, there is the great advantage of preventing the nuisance inseparable from the ordinary discharge of drainage, viz., by polluting the waters, and contaminating the air to the great injury of the public health. In the metropolis these considerations become of incalculable moment. To prevent evils, and to realize benefits, both of immeasurable extent, are results so important to the welfare of the community, than any plan which is calculated for their attainment may justly claim the support and co-operation of the public: and it must be gratifying to know that such a plan can be effected with advantage also to those who may undertake its execution. The subject has been carefully investigated and considered, both scientifically and practically, and the result is, that a Company is now in the course of being formed, to effect the important object of conveying the liquid manure from the sewers of London, to fertilize the surrounding country.

"Without entering into details, it may suffice to state that a Plan has been matured, with the co-operation of several eminent agriculturalists, engineers, and others conversant with the various bearings of the subject, upon which specific calculations have been made; and it appears that the liquid manure from the sewers may be supplied by pipes and engines to the extent of about thirty miles round London, at the rate of 100 tons per acre per annum, at 3*d.* per ton (or 1*l.* 5*s.* per acre,) and that at this price it will yield a very liberal profit.

"The scheme will eventually embrace the whole of the sewage on both sides of the Thames; but it is proposed at first to limit the operations to those comprised in King's Scholars' Pond and Ranelagh Districts, which will suffice for distribution over upwards of 100 square miles, comprising a large extent of poor lands, particularly susceptible of improvement."

nuisance to be abolished. Say that a cotton mill or silk mill were established, all the exuvæ would be pumped away to the neighboring land, and the waste steam and condensation water would be applied to baths and numerous other purposes. Contiguous to such factories should be the establishment of dairies, well built and thoroughly warmed and ventilated, so that the cows would never be exposed to bad weather. Feeding houses for sheep and other animals should be established on the same principles, slaughter-houses being contiguous, fitted to preserve the greatest cleanliness by an abundant supply of hot and cold water, the washings being applied to irrigation purposes. Milk, meat, and vegetables thus produced on the borders of the railway, in the very finest condition, would be conveyed to town at the minimum of cost, and in the highest state of freshness and preservation.

In thus interspersing factories and farms—always regarding the steam-engine as a *sine quâ non* for the nucleus of each—a most important advantage is gained. The same persons may apply themselves either to farm work or factory work, as the demand may be greatest. In the winter the factories would have the preference, in the summer the farms, and at all times it would be easy to obtain abundant hands for gathering in the harvest; and we think it probable that a large enclosed space, roofed with glass and warmed and ventilated, will ere long be considered an essential adjunct to every farm, for the purpose of drying hay and corn during a wet harvest time. During the late gloomy weather it would have been well appreciated.

Thus far we have treated the atmospheric question as one of production combined with a country residence for townspeople with small incomes. We think, however, that there is yet more to be done for the wealthy. On a healthy spot, say Epsom Downs, we would erect a similar glazed enclosure as a winter garden and walk for the inhabitants of surrounding villas. If the neighborhood increased, a school and a lecture-room, a library, and perhaps a theatre, should be added to the establishment; but in all cases a steam-engine or steam-engines should be the sources for warming, ventilation, and baths. We can imagine that all the luxuries procurable at the country houses of the wealthiest landholders might thus be achieved at a moderate cost. With large neighborhoods even Chatsworth might be eclipsed. With double glass roofs a very small quantity of fuel would suffice to warm a conservatory of very large size.

It must be obvious that on such a plan the whole road would rapidly become a system of detached buildings; for the facility of obtaining water and fuel at every point would remove all obstacles. It would be worth the while of the inhabitants to pay an annual rate to the road-makers, and throw it open to all dwellers on the line.

The carriages for working such a line should be simple, but large platforms on many wheels, not less than ten feet in width and sixty feet in length, with a breast protection at the sides and ends, capable of covering in at pleasure. These platforms would serve for goods or standing passengers. On other platforms, one of which might constitute a train, first or second class bodies might be placed, when required to suit the traffic.

We think it must be obvious that a railway constructed on such a principle could have no danger to apprehend from the abstraction of its traffic, and need be at no expense to oppose rivals. And were

such a system put in practice on the Epsom line, no legislature could possibly deny a Portsmouth and London direct, or indeed any other line that might be asked for. To deny a line for such purposes, would be equivalent to denying the right to grow food.

The only objection we are aware of that can be taken to the plan we have sketched is, that it is new—a defect which we are persuaded will be amended. But it is not new, except as a whole. The details of it are to be found in numerous instances and places. We have simply combined existing practices to work them out on a large scale, instead of in detached portions individually; and we are quite sure that parts of our plan are applicable to cities. Why one single building should not supply warmth as well as gas and water to a number of buildings, we are at a loss to imagine, and we apprehend it will ere long be accomplished.

And if the principles we have laid down be sound ones, why should not new lines be made to carry out these principles thereon, as well as putting them in practice on existing lines? If our views be correct, the time will come when railways will be made for the purpose of bringing land into cultivation, when every two miles of land will be intersected with a railway throughout the whole country. If this be so, where is the wisdom of the men who are expending money in millions merely to oppose fancied rivals? Where is the use of crushing an opponent at ten miles' distance, when two or three other lines are sure to intervene subsequently? If we cast our eyes over the map, we cannot resist the conviction that every mile of highway will ultimately be replaced by two miles of railway. We cannot but laugh at the opposition to the London and York by the London and Birmingham, while perhaps at the very time a new line is in contemplation between both. As the conviction grows that the railway is not the mine—that the land is the true mine—and the railway is but the access to the mine, this sort of absurd opposition will diminish and disappear. When the country shall be intersected with lines, travellers will have choice, and choose the cheapest. Nor can amalgamation prevent this. Amalgamation with two may be practicable, but with twenty it will be impossible. Our advice to all railway owners is to work economically, and do the best they possibly can for the public, seeking only to gain about five per cent. on their fixed plant, and about fifteen per cent. on their working capital. Any other principle must result in competition and loss. Any extra profit must grow from land and buildings on the line of road, and not from transit. We prefer the toll at Hungerford bridge, because it is a shorter cut than Waterloo; but if it were a much higher toll we might prefer going round about. These are the same opinions we expressed last year, and which we now quote to existing shareholders:—

“But you must be ever on the alert to disarm opposition by lowering prices as competition threatens. We believe that no competitors in good times will be content with less than from 15 or 20 per cent. in a business of skill and capital combined. But remember that this 20 per cent. can only be on the competitive working of the line, not in the direct capital sunk in the road. The value of that will vary with other freehold property. If you are wise enough to disarm opposition by fairly meeting the case, your road will

increase in value by the buildings and manufacturers that will congregate to it, and the rent of it may be worth 5, 10, or more per cent., as a fixed investment, as it will be surrounded by a host of friends interested in its prosperity. Keep up your suicidal prices, and you will 'kill your goose for the sake of the golden egg.' Your line will be grass-grown, and be christened in future times the 'Railway Folly.'—*Westminster Review*, No. 82.

Since this was written the London and York was projected, and when the projectors began to raise a formidable front, and not till then, the London and Birmingham began to lower their rates of fare. We again quote from the *Westminster Review* :—

"The choice bits of the Report of the Select Committee on Railways will circulate after a while in cheap publications over the length and breadth of the land, and every man engaged in manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, will find out what is the amount of impediment you present to his operations."

From the report of the last half-yearly meeting of the London and Birmingham, we quote the chairman's corroboration of this our opinion :—

"Nor do I find fault for one instant with those opponents of ours, the iron-masters of Staffordshire, who took advantage of the principle then laid down, in order to obtain that which they thought would be a substantial benefit to themselves. Whether they were right or wrong in that expectation, time alone can prove. Experience, however, is certainly against them, for in all large undertakings of a similar character, such as water companies, gas companies, and dock companies, an increased number of companies has invariably led to combination and increased charge. But, gentlemen, while I am not entitled to express wonder at the proceedings of the iron-masters, who had a right to encourage competition if they thought it likely to be beneficial to them, I must express my extreme surprise at the conduct of others who were also opposed to us on that occasion. Gentlemen, the iron-masters might fight against us on the principle of competition; but what are we to say when we find existing railway companies—the Great Western and the Grand Junction—acting on the same principle? (Hear, hear.) In their case also time alone can show whether they have acted wisely or not; but, assuredly, it was a course of conduct on the part of these two companies which could not have been contemplated by us."—*Railway Record*.

It assuredly could have been contemplated, and a sound political economist, even a shrewd merchant, would take it for granted that competition will ever go on while any pecuniary gain appears to reward it. Nothing can keep down competition except a reduction of profits so low as not to tempt cupidity. One thing indeed we can suggest for the consideration of Messrs. Hudson and others, who think it desirable to unite surplus profits in new paying branch lines, in order to keep out interlopers. It is this :—

Get an act of parliament to purchase two strips of land one hundred yards in width, north and south, and east and west, through the centre of the island, and charge your own rate of toll to all persons and goods passing over the barrier.

Nothing short of such a plan will "hedge in the cuckoo" of monopoly, and we augur little success from such tactics as the following, proposed by the chairman of the London and Birmingham :—

"Gentlemen, while we do not forget the duty we owe to the public, it is our duty also, as far as possible, to protect your interests; and with that view it is the intention of your directors, in the course of the ensuing year, and in conjunction with influential parties in various districts of the country, to bring forward several projects which we think will not only materially tend to the defence of your own line, but add considerably to your resources."—*Railway Record*.

"Defence of the line!" Nothing can defend it but economy and low prices. If the "several projects" are in themselves paying projects, it will be well to practicalize them; otherwise, let who will do it, a loss will ensue. The most direct main lines between important towns will command a certain preference over indirect ones, but not at higher rates of fare, and every year will add to the choice of the public in the number of routes they can take. The highest speeds, the lowest rates of fare, the best line, the easiest carriages, the greatest safety, and the most complete general management, are the only securities that can henceforth be taken against successful competition. Looking at the map, we find that the highways leading northward from London are very numerous, while as yet there exists but one railway monopolizing the whole of the traffic.

In the *Westminster Review* of September last is the following recommendation to railway directors :—

"Do with your carriages as the publican of old was recommended to do with his measures—fill them! They will bear at least double. Cut down your fares to one half at once, and show the public that you are in earnest."

This recommendation has been more than borne out: the London and Birmingham have reduced their fares about 25 per cent., and have carried about 57 per cent. more passengers. They have reduced their goods tolls also, and have increased the amount 35 per cent. And while the public have thus benefited, the company have increased their profit, and divided a net 10 per cent. per annum, leaving a large nest egg for future contingencies. On the Brighton line we find similar results. We quote from the speech of the intelligent chairman :—

"We have, also, in the course of the half-year, made a reduction in the fares, and the result has been highly satisfactory. This change took place on the 15th of June, about seven weeks ago; and I find, on comparing the receipts for these seven weeks with the corresponding period of last year, an increase on the gross traffic of 25 per cent. (Hear, hear.) Looking to this fact, and also to the result of two years ago, when a more extensive reduction of fares took place, it appears to me that your experience has done much towards establishing one very important principle—that moderate fares are more profitable to a railway company than high fares. (Hear, hear, hear.) I believe this is now an established principle, for we see that most railway companies have done so, or at least have given notice of their intention to do so. I therefore congratulate you, gentlemen, on the success which has attended the trial of the principle in this company. I think it is of the greatest importance that this should be generally understood. Let it be an acknowledged fact that low fares are for the interest of railway companies, and it will be more effectual than all the provisions as to maximum rates and charges which could be crammed into an act of parliament. (Hear, hear.)

Having said thus much on the subject, it will not, I am sure, surprise you to hear that the directors have it in contemplation to make a still further reduction. When this will take place, and what will be the extent, I cannot say, nor indeed anything beyond the simple fact that we have a further reduction in contemplation; the directors will probably, as is natural, be guided by the experience of our last reduction."

We will venture a prediction that, ere three years are come and gone, the maximum fares on the Brighton line will be 1d., 1d. and $\frac{1}{2}$ for the respective classes. Fortunate will be the lines whose directors resist the temptation to make too great profits.

In our assumption that railways will be made for farm and factory purposes, without regard to distant transit, we do not contemplate the costly kind of structure shown by the examples of the Birmingham and the Great Western. In most cases such lines might follow the course of the country, avoiding the necessity for constructing either bridges or tunnels. In the year 1831 Sir William Molesworth caused a survey to be made at his own expense for a railway between Bodmin and Wadebridge, in Cornwall, for the purpose of carrying sand from the seashore to manure the land. This line, fourteen miles in length—a single line of rails with numerous sidings—cost when made, including two acts of parliament, two locomotive engines, and forty carriages, 2,450*l.* per mile. We have no doubt that in these days similar lines might be realized under 2,000*l.* per mile.

In the "Westminster Review" for last September some of the defects in the mechanical arrangements of railways are thus pointed out:—

"1. Want of tractive registering gauges to the trains. 2. Want of free rolling movement in the wheels and axles of the carriages. 3. Excessive weight of construction. 4. Imperfection of bearing springs. 5. Imperfect construction of wheels and tyres. 6. Imperfect buffing and traction apparatus. 7. Imperfect brakes. 8. Imperfect balance and top-heaviness. 9. Imperfections of locomotives."

The friction of the axles of a grindstone, lubricated with oil, is, by the experiments of Nicholas Wood, 4*lbs.* per ton. The friction of a railway carriage newly adjusted is stated by the same authority to be 9*lbs.* per ton; 5*lbs.* per ton representing imperfection of construction, causing the wheels to slide instead of roll. We must here quote again from the "Westminster":—

"Experiments with choice railway carriages have, however, given a result of nine pounds per ton resistance, which is usually assumed as a standard. We are satisfied that in practice the resistance of carriage trains will be found far more than this; but, strange to say, on no line of railway has any plan been adopted for verifying the resistance to traction in daily traffic; a question on which so large an amount of economy depends: a matter absolutely requisite for the purpose of holding a check over carriage builders and carriage maintainers."

Since this was written, a private gentleman of public spirit has, at his own cost, been making experiments on a line of railway, and a short time back he informed us that the result was as follows. The railway in question has no level planes, and the gradients are about one in three hundred. Up these gradients he has found the resistance to be 28*lbs.* per ton. Down the same gradients the

resistance is 16*lbs.* per ton—average on the level 22*lbs.* per ton. The resistance, therefore, is about 75 per cent. more than the assumed standard. The resistance of the air in these cases our informant states to be nearly *nil*, as he verified it by a proper machine.

This is a statement of loss so monstrous that it behoves all directors to cause a proper verification to be made. Seventy-five per cent. excess in traction represents a corresponding increase in the weight of the engine, in the strength of the rails and roadway, in maintenance of way, in consumption of fuel and water, and in wear and tear of moving machinery of all kinds, engines, carriages, and wagons.

The retarding powers in railways are friction and gravity. It is of little use to neutralize gravity by gradients approximating to levels, if we are to waste all the results in surplus friction. It is to us inconceivable why this state of uncertainty as to the work done by the engines is suffered to continue. In the old time of the highways, the dumb beasts told the story of surplus friction by plain and palpable loss of muscle, exhaustion, and death. The engines, when overworked, maintain to the common eye the same external form, and excite no general commiseration; but the excessive expenditure in the repairing-shops tells the tale to the engineers. Why are they thus overworked? Because the trains they draw do not "follow;"—they are a kind of irregular sledge, holding back the engine, if our informant be correct, with a surplus friction equal to 75 per cent. beyond the assumed standard of resistance, and nearly six times the amount of simple axle friction assumed as a standard by Nicholas Wood.

There is a great fallacy in assuming a standard of resistance of trains from experiments with single carriages at comparatively slow movement. It may be thus illustrated:—A river with slow movement meanders in a serpentine course, and runs smoothly round the prominent points. If the speed of the river be greatly increased by floods, it will sweep away the prominences and plough the bed into new channels with violent waves and oscillations, thus absorbing much of its gravitating power. And thus with a train of carriages. With slow movement the coned wheels adapt themselves to such irregularities of the rails as do not strike the common observer, but are palpable enough to the experienced eyes of the mechanic. But at high rates of speed, the wheels dash against the prominences, the carriages oscillate, being literally tied to the wheels, and an enormous amount of surplus friction is thus generated.

Recent circumstances corroborate this statement. The strides made by the Great Western towards the north, and the greater rate of speed obtained on the wide gauge stirred up the emulation of the narrow gaugers, and the wheels of the "slow coaches" were ordered to revolve more rapidly. The result was that the top-heavy four-wheeled carriages swayed and oscillated fearfully, to the dissatisfaction of passengers, and the small four-wheeled engines would have "gone and done likewise," but that, like cab horses tied to heavy carriages, their kicking was in vain. They could not keep the "pace," and heavier engines were constructed on the six-wheel principle, weighing from sixteen to twenty tons with their load of coal and water, and with so much pressure on the driving-wheels, that it is stated by Mr. Stephenson the rails are now tasked to their uttermost; that

all has been attained on the narrow gauge that can be accomplished on the broad, and that if it be desired to attain greater speed, it will be necessary to relay the whole lines with heavier rails and substructure.

But these heavy engines have not rendered the trains steadier, and it is found absolutely necessary for the express trains to abandon the use of four-wheel carriages, and take to those on six wheels, and this on a line where the force of four-wheel bigotry could no further go. But we think it is problematic whether a thorough reform will be accomplished; it will, most probably, only be a palliative. The mechanical principles are clear. A moving body travelling at great speed will oscillate if it be top-heavy, *i. e.*, unless the length and width be considerably in excess of the height, and upon this principle we should be glad to see railway carriages constructed, forty feet in length by ten in width. In such a carriage the points of support, *i. e.* the wheels, would be multiplied in number, which would increase the steadiness without interfering with the pliability of the springs. The most unsteady carriage would be on a single wheel; a more steady one, a pair of wheels; three wheels would be still more steady; and four yet more so. But a four-wheel carriage has the disadvantage in case of one of one-wheel striking an obstacle, or getting into a hole, of pitching and oscillating diagonally. But with a carriage on six wheels, three out of the six must get into holes simultaneously, ere pitching can be induced, and this is a result against which there are many chances of its not taking place. And so on with eight or more wheels. The greater the number of the wheels, the greater will be the steadiness, and the greater also will be the safety; for the breaking one wheel out of four involves the overturn of the carriage, whereas the breaking one or two wheels out of six or eight is of comparatively little importance. All that is requisite in long carriages of this description is to provide for the lateral sliding of the central wheels, to enable them to pass curves with facility, a safer and better arrangement than the plan in practice of leaving the central wheels of engines without flanges.

As regards the important item of brakes, we are not aware of any improvement or modification since last year, of the mischievous practice of setting the wheels fast and suffering the peripheries to slide on the rail, thus destroying their circular form, involving continuous shocks and wear and tear of the carriages, and increasing the resistance to draught.

On the subject of locomotive engines we have, after long watching, formed an opinion which we think will be practicalized at some future time, unless they are wholly superseded by the atmospheric principle of traction. We are accustomed in common parlance to speak of four-wheel engines and six-wheel engines, while in truth, as regards their propelling power, they are simply two-wheeled engines in the one case, provided with a pair of wheels at one end, and in the other case at both ends, for the purpose of balancing them; in both cases the principal part of the total weight being borne on the driving wheels, with the object of procuring adhesion. The four-wheel principle was a very imperfect one, inasmuch that, with the occasional jerk of the train, the front wheels were at times lifted off the rails, like "a poodle dog with his tail curled too tight;" and, under certain circumstances, the wheels so lifted were liable to

descend off the rails, and thus produce accidents. The six-wheel engine is less liable to this, because the hind wheels serve as a spur to prevent the front ones from lifting.

The mode of propelling by a single pair of driving wheels is open to the objection that they crush the rails by their great weight—some of the last made engines having probably twelve tons weight on a single pair of wheels. In the traction of goods trains four-wheel engines are occasionally used with the wheels coupled together, so that all four wheels act as driving wheels. In some districts six coupled wheels are used, so that there are six propellers. But in practice it is found that engines with six coupled wheels are only adapted for slow rates of travelling, and that, if worked fast, they will grind on the rails without propelling. The principle of this is precisely the same as that of the increased friction of trains at high speeds, which we illustrated by the example of the river.

Another disadvantage of the locomotives is, that the centre of gravity is carried so high, by the boiler being placed above the axles, as to incur the danger of oversetting in case of a damaged rail. When the cylinders are in the smoke-box, and cranked axles are used, especially with driving wheels of large diameter, this evil is increased to the utmost. It is as bad as an old-fashioned top-heavy stage coach. It is true that the engine has no skittish or nervous horses to cause it to rock, but there are other causes at work. The alternate pull of the pistons on either side has an effect like that of a boat not rowed evenly, but with the oars dipping alternately. Thus the power of the steam applied to one side of the engine tends to draw it diagonally on the rails, making one wheel to advance before the other, and multiplying the effect by the torsion of the shaft or axle, which permits the wheel most remote from the applied power, to lag behind the other.

We would propose a new plan of engine on four wheels, with plain straight axles, connected by a powerfully trussed frame, at a distance of twenty feet apart, and provided with efficient springs. The boiler to be fixed in the frame, with the central horizontal line on a level with the axles of the wheels. The bottom of the boiler would thus be within fifteen inches of the rails, and by reason of its length would rest securely on the ground between the rails in case of a wheel breaking. The cylinders to be outside, on a level with the axles, and at mid-length of the boiler. The piston rods to project at both ends of the cylinder, and thus to be connected with both pairs of wheels. The fire-box would in such case require to be horizontal instead of vertical, but we do not foresee any evil from this change of form. On the same principle an engine might be constructed with eight wheels, all propellers, each pair of cylinders driving four wheels, and thus the weight might be distributed over a space sufficiently large to warrant the use of lighter rails than will be requisite if the present principle of two-wheel propulsion is persevered in for the still increasing speed that will be demanded; and the length of the engine and low position of the centre of gravity would prevent rocking. The rivalry that has arisen between the respective advocates of the broad and narrow gauges will produce a competition that will not cease till the utmost limit of speed has been attained, consistent with safety and economical practicability.

As the speed increases, the question of safety from collision becomes more urgent. We do not apprehend much increase of risk by increase of speed in case of the engine getting off the line, because that resolves itself into a question of greater or less space to bring up in, by the retarding power of the wheels sinking into the earth. If a speed of twenty miles per hour can be arrested in twenty yards run, by such a process a speed of one hundred miles would be arrested in one hundred yards, and so on. But the question of collision from one train overtaking another becomes very serious with increased speed. The train which is overtaken must have the hinder carriages crushed if the blow be sufficient, whether it be at rest or in motion. And if the engine striking the blow be suddenly arrested, the train it draws will crush the foremost carriages by the weight of the hinder ones, unless there be sufficient space for elastic yielding in which to expend the momentum. The buffing springs of the carriages are supposed to supply this, and allow sufficient collapse of the train. Practically the result is, with four-wheeled short vehicles, that when the whole force of the springs is in action, the power takes a new direction, the carriages are lifted upwards in the air, and "ride on each others' backs." Many propositions have been made to run spare trucks or luggage wagons between the engine and the train it draws, and also behind the trains, that the crushing power may thus be expended without personal damage. But this is a very imperfect arrangement, and we are of opinion that some specific plan of deadening the force of the blow must ultimately be adopted. Probably the simplest and cheapest plan would be to interpose between the train and engine a collapsing frame, supporting a huge cushion or elastic block of horse hair or cocoa-fibre, like

"Feather bed 'tween castle wall
And heavy brunt of cannon ball."

But whether empty trucks or a specific buffer carriage of this description, be used for purposes of personal safety, it must be evident that the trains will thereby be much elongated; and to prevent this elongation while retaining the advantage, the obvious course is to widen the carriages, gaining in width what is lost in length.

With respect to the works placed at the head of this article, on the subject of the gauges, we regret that we cannot consider them as the results of unprejudiced philosophical examination, but rather as *ex-parte* statements of the advocates of the narrow gauge, who occupy an extent of country many times exceeding that occupied by the broad gauge. From first to last, the "War of the Gauges," as it has been termed, has not been a contest for mechanical truth, but chiefly for commercial purposes, and with a certain stimulus of ambition amongst the engineers.

The writer of the first-named pamphlet contends that on the Great Western wide gauge no advantage has hitherto been attained that has not been or may not be equally well attained on the narrow. Mr. Harding states the same thing, and in this we concur; but when they propose, therefore, to prohibit the broad gauge and all future chance of prospective advantages; when one of them proposes (Mr. Harding) that government should take violent possession of the broad gauge lines and alter them to the narrow, we are prepared to resist such manifest injustice and absurdity *vi et*

armis. Here is a modest proposition for a writer to put forth:—

"But still something very superior (to the present railways) does arise, let the present companies be properly protected; *they have a patent right in the district*, a right obtained by the outlay of millions. The district, under proper regulations, properly belongs to them, and neither their property as investors, nor that of the land-owners, should be allowed to be made ducks and drakes of for the puposes of rash speculators or unprincipled professionals."

This anonymous writer would go still further, and prohibit the canal-owners from converting their own property into railways. An argument, or rather no argument, conducted in this spirit, needs no farther notice. But Mr. Harding puts the question on another footing. He says that it would put a stop to transit if two different gauges are permitted. He exposes the folly, if not worse, of the broad-gauge advocates, who contend that the changing goods from one wagon to another involves no expense or loss of time worth heeding; but he fails in making out his case that it would be impracticable to introduce a third rail on the broad-gauge lines, so as to run both classes of carriage stock. The only argument he sets up is, that double sets of carriages would involve double sets of breaks in the rails at all crossings, which in the first place is not the fact, for it would only be three breaks instead of two, and next, the break in the rail, if rightly managed, ought not to produce jolts such as Mr. Harding describes. The breaks in question are for the purpose of permitting the flanges or wheel guides to pass. These flanges require an opening of about an inch in width. This is, of course, equivalent to a hole, and produces jolts. The continuous running of engines and carriages wears down the sharp corners rapidly, and accidents may thereby be induced. But we think all this might be obviated by the use of proper shoes or castings, so arranged as to form gradual inclined planes, on which the flanges of the wheels might take a bearing, thus conveying the carriages without jolts safely over the breaks where the treads or peripheries of the wheels cease to bear; and the breaks in the rails should be set out for deeper flanges than have yet been used, in order to compensate for increased speed, or the safety will otherwise be lessened.

The fact that the structural arrangements of the Great Western are not of sufficient strength for its enlarged proportions, or as the "Railway Record" describes it, that "the giant is weak in the knees," is no argument for preventing progress. The assumption that

"The tree of knowledge has been plucked, all's known,"

in this year 1845, just fifteen years from the time of first going to the railway school, is something after the fashion of the young man described by Göthe, who, at eighteen years of age, informed him that he had finished his studies and made up his mind finally on every subject. "Railways are perfect," says Mr. Harding; "and lo! let them henceforth be stereotyped." The Chinese first chop Mandarin, penning an edict against the "outside barbarians" in his back tea parlor, could not have been more absolute. "Down with Brunel! away with the broad gauge into Hades! Four feet eight inches and one half is the true integral standard of railway gauges, marked out

at the Creation, and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians." Mr. Harding proclaims it, and the magnates of the narrow gauge, from Berwick Law to London liberties, answer and say, Amen! But for all that, we opine that the mercurial demon of Mr. Brunel will take more "laying" than all the exorcism of Mr. Harding amounts to, backed by the proclamations of "King Hudson" and Kaiser George, the "Hengist of Railways" himself. It were as easy to catch a bird by putting salt on his tail as for these heavy-moulded Saxons to catch the quick and agile Celt beneath their armed heels. It were a difficult thing even were he in the wrong; but with the right on his side, it is impossible. All just men, all wise men, feel that to check enterprise or improvement would be suicidal to progress; and the legislature, acting in this spirit, has admitted the broad gauge to compete with the narrow, in what the owners had fondly supposed to be sacred and reserved precincts.

Ceteris paribus, there is less friction on the curves of the narrow gauge lines than there is on the broad; but we are satisfied that the time will come when the main trunk lines will be lines of the broad gauge. Is not a river broader than its tributary streams? That Mr. Brunel's

"Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience"

essential to work out all great ends, and that he attains knowledge by trying numerous experiments in succession, finding out one thing that will do by verifying twenty that will not, may occasionally try the patience of his friends and the depth of their pockets, but thereby the public benefit, and steps are attained in progress. "Whatever man has done man may do" is an old school precept; but more than this is required in our water-walled empire, or the Celtic hordes would turn back from Africa and eject us from this our ancient inheritance. To avert this undesirable conclusion, every succeeding generation must do more than the one that precedes it. We have known directors of railways, magnates in matter but mites in mind, of temperament so cautious that, like the gardener in the story, they would have refused to plant an apple tree lest it might chance not to grow, and the expense be lost. "I dare not take the responsibility," said one of these men, when urged to make an important move, in which there was one chance of failure to four chances of success. "Then come out of that," was the reply; "take your position as a follower, and let those guide who know how." Fool-hardiness bears many evils in its train, but had the caution which springs from fear, not discretion, ruled over us, England would still have been a country of pack-horses, unless, indeed, which is most probable, a fresh infusion of the old Berserker blood from the Norse land had once more aroused our active courage.

We are of opinion that the legislature should encourage wide roads, tunnels, and viaducts, in preference to narrow, and leave it to the option of the makers to lay down their own gauge of rails, but reserving the right for others to lay down supernumerary rails. Mr. Muntz made a sound remark in the house on this subject. "Where the cat can get through the kitten can follow!" The miserable burrows of tunnels in the old Staffordshire canals are a sample of the want of wisdom in making holes only for the kittens.

A new move is now making in railways that we are well pleased to see. The lines north and south of the Thames are at length to be joined together, and what is more remarkable, the different parties anxious to effect the junction are, we believe, likely to make a junction amongst themselves, and not to expend their money in absurd opposition for the benefit of the black-gowned fraternity, and the misery of members of the honorable house sitting in committee. Any opposition of one company to another in this matter would be the greatest possible absurdity, because the sphere is so large for the construction of London railways. There is, first, the "through traffic," for passengers and goods, from north to south, and from east to west, and this, large as it may be, is a comparatively trifling amount; secondly, the coach traffic in passengers and goods; and thirdly, the traffic in provisions and articles of daily consumption. Not less than 2,000 tons must come into London daily in the form of edibles, say nothing of fuel and liquids. All this amount of passengers, goods, and commodities is at present transported over the town by animal power, by horses and by men. Railways bring men and goods to the extremities of the town, vessels bring them along the rivers and the canals, but the barbarous processes of horse carriage are resorted to, to distribute them through the town, cumbering up our streets, and to a great extent defeating the very objects the railways are at present intended to serve, viz., communication between distant places. Owing to this imperfection, viz., the necessity of cartage to and from a railway, and various loadings and unloadings, railways are in many cases useless, unless for considerable distances. The market-gardeners of the Greenwich and Deptford low lands make no use of the railway to transport their crops; but if the Greenwich railway communicated directly with Covent-garden market, or along the main lines of streets as it might do, delivering vegetables at the points of consumption, it would become the only mode of transport, unless suicidal prices prevented so desirable a conclusion.

Three or four companies have proposed to make a railway connecting the east and west ends of London along the north bank of the Thames, thus embodying in their plans the principle of embanking the river to low water mark, advocated for so many years by Mr. Martin the artist, and others. With this line of railway stretching from Hungerford market along the river to somewhere about Paul's wharf, it is proposed to connect the Brighton, Dover, Croydon, and Greenwich lines by means of a new bridge across the river at that spot. From the bridge it is proposed to open up a new street in a direct line to St. Paul's cathedral, allowing people to obtain a view of the southern front without the risk of a stiff neck. From the new bridge eastward, it is proposed to open a new street of considerable width, with a central railway viaduct, passing south of the monument and St. Dunstan's church, opening them up to view; thence passing north of the custom house, and curving round at the back of Tower hill to join the Blackwall, which will shortly be in communication with the Northern and Eastern and Eastern Counties lines by a junction at Bow, and with the sea coast by the projected South Essex line, terminating at the Crouch river: thus bringing Charing cross within an hour and a half of the sea. The advantages of this plan are, that London will obtain a *bonâ fide* seaport of

greater commercial value than even the new town and harbor of Birkenhead. It is, as the press phrases it, "a curious coincidence, that in the neighborhood of the Crouch are found names and localities similar to those of Birkenhead—the Wallasea and the Mersea." In truth, it is a similar district, and as much more valuable as London is compared with Liverpool. This port and the Blackwater, hitherto neglected because the winding water course of the river Thames is cheaper transit than horse transit by land, will, when in connection with London by means of a railway, become properties of enormous value, and the sites of fortune-making by money speculations in land, far exceeding what Birkenhead has shown.

A part of the proposition of the promoters of the railway between Hungerford and the Blackwall is, to make a highway or carriage drive, as well as footpaths along the course of the river: a plan that might be advantageously pursued on most lines of railway. And by carrying the viaduct along the centre of a handsome street fitted for shops, offices, and warehouses, in a line of transit which must become the most important in the whole metropolis, it is probable that the railway in that district will be made for a very small cost. That portion of the Blackwall railway between the Minories and Fenchurch street, is said to have cost 500,000*l.* per mile. As it is a mere trench cut through the houses, no profit can be made except from transit. But, had the whole line been constructed in a street with frontages, it is probable that the value of those frontages would have compensated for the whole outlay. The amount of new streets and buildings now rising in the vicinity of the Blackwall line renders this more than probable. Had these streets bordered the line, they would have been of far greater value.

Another part of the proposition is to form a new sewer parallel with the line of the river made to intercept the various sewers at right angles with the river. This sewer, or in lieu of it a series of catch pits or tanks, will receive the sewer water, which is to be pumped up by the stationary engines when not occupied with the work of the line, and carried along pipes with the same principles and appliances as the ordinary water pipes along the lines of the Blackwall and South Essex, and, if required, across the new bridge and down the southern lines for the purpose of irrigating contiguous land. Of the advantages to be attained by this, we have before spoken.

The connection of Charing cross with the Crouch river, and Blackwater will be productive of another advantage. The colliers may shorten their voyage, and the river will be freed from a nuisance of vessels and barges which, more than any other cause, tends to impede rapid transit thereon. The colliers will lie at the sea-side and coals be sent up along the line in wagons of large size divided into compartments by separate bodies or boxes, each of which will be a load for a horse wagon, or tumbrel. Thus coals will be distributed along the line at the minimum of cost, and so on to London. Of the pecuniary gains that will accrue, when the whole frontage of the line shall be turned to the best account by agricultural and manufacturing settlers, it were superfluous to speak. It will be equivalent to the difference between an Indian hunting ground, and a white man's clearing; between land on remote farms, and the

garden ground in the vicinage of cities; between the site of the Royal Exchange, and Battersea square, or any similar locality; between the Bank of England, and an American bank in the "far west," with the word painted on a slab of newly-hewn maple, from which the sap has not ceased exuding.

But more is required than mere communication with the sea and the land. The nominal terminus can readily be made by embanking and covering over some six acres of mud-bank now lying useless between Hungerford and Waterloo bridges, and all without diminishing the air space of the main lung of London. This terminus might even be extended over the area of Great Scotland yard, and the contiguous wharfs; it might embrace the finest of all sites for a railway station—Northumberland house—were the noble owner willing to part with it, and retire from the continual pressure of surrounding buildings to some more genial locality. Nay, Fife house could, under the same conditions, be converted into a new post-office station for government purposes, and connected with "express trains" in the centre of the "West end" a new station for an admiralty electric telegraph, and thus preventing the chance of some new church or shot tower being built up between the present telegraph and its next point of sight, to the destruction of its utility. But even all this would be insufficient if it were so to end. The communication must be made *through* the town as well as along the river banks. The street with a central railway viaduct proposed to connect the Blackwall railway with the river side, is the true pattern on which to work, to connect the London and Birmingham, the proposed York direct, Manchester direct, and many other directs *in posse*, with the north bank railway, and form a junction with a post-office station at Smithfield, one of the most elevated sites in London. Farringdon street is the most probable line for this. And there would be no difficulty in connecting the Great Western by means of a viaduct passing down the Edgeware road, Oxford street, and Regent or some other street of sufficient width. All the markets in London should have their branch viaducts whereby provisions may be conveyed direct from the spots where they are produced, and lowered into the places where they are distributed for consumption. And the same principles should be applied to the distribution of coals and goods by means of branch lines. We are of opinion, that such lines cannot well be over multiplied, and that the proposed system of tunneling will be peculiarly applicable for the thorough traffic heavy goods. Nor will a railway, even with four lines on the south bank of the river, be sufficient for all the traffic. As in Paris, lines will be required in both banks, and no better lines can be contrived than railway streets at a short distance from the water side, thus leaving unimpeded the river traffic, where the wharfs are numerous. Nor will one bridge suffice. We shall require two, three, four, or more. The South Western will require a bridge at Hungerford, as the line to Charing cross. The Greenwich, Croydon, South Eastern, Brighton, and other lines to come, will require bridges at Southwark and at Paul's wharf also. Five bridges have been considered requisite hitherto for ordinary traffic, and surely three will not be too many for the enormous railway traffic that must ensue hereafter. When we reflect that the whole river, both above and below London, will ultimately be bordered by railways, it seems

clear that those railways must benefit by frequent communication across the river. The idea of preventing the Brighton from joining the South Western at Wandsworth, in order to force its traffic in another direction, seems premature, because the Brighton must ultimately be guided by the tendency of its customers. There are two positions to which the traffic tends more than to any other—the Bank and Charing cross, and the shortest lines to these places from all parts of the town or country must have the preference, unless they were to get into the hands of extortionate proprietors, which would be a clear case for government interference. There may be, nay, there will be, a station at Charing cross; but the whole line of railway communication on both sides of the river must become a series of stations also. We believe that all railways through London must have stopping places at every quarter of a mile, unless it become worth the while of main-line owners to construct communications for their own exclusive use, independently of the short traffic lines. Were any company to get possession of the Charing-cross territory, to the exclusion of all other lines, we think government must interfere; but it is a possible case that, without due diligence, some one or two might be excluded for the questionable benefit of others, a conclusion not to be wished.

The results of communication through London, and directly with the distant lines, will ultimately be to convert this huge metropolis into a city of palaces, by abstracting from it all factories and workmen to more eligible spots. When this takes place, and artificial fuel, scientifically prepared, shall exclude the coarse raw material of coal from our dwellings for open fires of radiant heat, and companies shall commence the process of supplying heat to houses on the joint-stock system of water and gas, from sources common to a given district, the atmosphere of London will be as free from smoke and impure air as the cities of the tropics, where fuel is scarcely required.

It may be objected that there would be great opposition on the part of shopkeepers and other inhabitants, to the introduction of railway viaducts into streets—Oxford street, for example. We should put the case thus to each opponent.

A railway is needed between the Great Western and Charing cross, along the line of Oxford street. It will be carried along a handsome iron viaduct in the part usually occupied by cab stands. It will have stopping-places every quarter of a mile. It will be void of noise, dust, and smoke; will perform all the offices of the omnibus traffic, and clear the street of a large amount of traffic creating a nuisance, thereby saving expense in cleansing and paving, and will in no way interfere with carriage traffic, or light, or anything required by shopkeepers. If the shopkeepers, owing to ignorance, oppose the line as the people of Northampton drove away the railway from their town, and thus did it infinite mischief, the result will be that a new street will be cut parallel with Oxford street, as far down as Berwick street, and thence in a line through a "rookery," passing at the back of the Haymarket to Trafalgar square. This new street being a line of shop frontings, would become more valuable than Oxford street.

Having thus concluded our remarks on the present condition of railways, we will wind up in the fashion of Miss Martineau, with a "summary of principles contained in this article."

1. That railways, being a more economical mode of transit than highways, must continually increase in extent.

2. That it would be advantageous to convert the existing lines of highway into railways, and moreover, to construct lines on speculation, for the purpose of obtaining garden, farm, and factory frontages, with steam power, and communicating with towns or villas.

3. That though lines so constructed might not be so eligible on the whole for through traffic, yet they would be resorted to by the public as a means of keeping down high rates of fare on the main lines; and they would compete on more than equal terms with such lines as had been made in a very costly manner. Posting on indirect lines of road was commonly cheaper than on the high road.

4. That no plans of opposition, whether by amalgamation or otherwise, can be successful in maintaining a monopoly against a constant increment of new lines which their frontages alone will maintain, exclusive of through traffic.

5. That therefore it is absurd to expend, in useless opposition, money that can be more usefully applied to improving means of transit and the reduction of fares.

6. That for the purpose of estimating railway property rightly to prevent effective competition, the land and fixed plant should be valued at just what it would cost to replace them, and a rate of interest calculated on them so low as not to tempt cupidity. The other portion, the carrying stock, should have a profit calculated at the rate of ten to fifteen per cent., below which no one will work in a business of combined skill and judgment.

7. That in order to transact this business in the best manner, it is essential first to ascertain the actual resistance of the trains, and their power of destruction to the rails and roadway. And this should be ascertained, not by mere experiment, but by the actual working of the lines. That the results of the knowledge thus gained should be the construction of experimental trains for the purpose of reducing resistance and wear and tear to the minimum.

8. That it is dangerous to run trains on the new lines of rail at different rates of speed, and especially when the traffic is great. That therefore the great lines will ultimately be obliged to construct duplicate lines, so as to carry quick passengers and goods separately; one pair of rails being used for the long, and the other pair for the short traffic, with frequent stoppages.

9. That it will be worth while to make railway stations and termini the sites of shops and bazaars for the sale of various articles of traffic not involving great bulk or weight. That such bazaars would be legitimate places of sale for articles manufactured at the factories on the line.

We have now a few words to say on the justice and morality of railway shareholders and authorities. The title of a pamphlet by Mr. Wilson, of the Netherlands, stands at the head of this article. The object of it is to show that a Mr. Thomas Gray was the original projector of the present system of railways and steam locomotion in combination therewith. In evidence of this, Mr. Wilson states that Gray, in the year 1816, was advocating the principle in Belgium; that in 1818 he put into his hands the manuscript of a work now before us, published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, in 1820. Various other evidence is adduced in the form of petitions to Parliament, to ministers of

state, circulars to capitalists, merchants, and others, establishing by documentary proof, with dates, that Mr. Gray was the original projector of the Liverpool and Manchester line, as the preliminary experiment for a general system of railways not merely over the British islands, but throughout Europe. The expense of his railways in England he averaged at 12,000*l.* per mile, and he published a map for a system of direct trunk lines, which, after fifteen years' experience and a large expenditure of capital unwisely, are now found to be essential parts of the plan. We will not take up the time of our readers by going over the ground in detail—the books referred to are to be found at the publishers'. Suffice it that the truth of all this has not only not been called in question, but has been recognized by the railway press generally. The "Railway Record"—"Chronicle"—"Herald," have prominently acknowledged and advocated Mr. Gray's claims; the weekly and daily press have echoed them, and the monthly publications are following in the same track. Public sympathy for this public benefactor is growing with the knowledge of his claims. Sir Augustus Foster proposes a public subscription for his benefit; others argue that parliament should award him a pension out of the large revenue accruing to the state from railways, to which he was the first to call public attention as a systematic plan, and which it is probable would have lain in abeyance a much longer period but for his systematic agitation.

While this is going on, propositions are on foot to present testimonials and erect statues to George Stephenson and George Hudson, the names of greatest mark in railway operations. To do this, and leave the claims of Mr. Gray unnoticed, is not, we think, indicative of wisdom in the promoters. Unless the documents of Mr. Gray can be disproved, there exist the facts for all time, not to pass away. The name of Wilberforce could not obscure the merits of Clarkson, nor can the high deserving of Stephenson and Hudson, backed by a host of injudicious lip worshippers, take away one jot from the merit and deserving of Gray. That the two former are rich, and the latter is poor and aged, may operate for a time with the million, but after that, infallibly, shall judgment come. We would have justice done to Gray as we would to Stephenson and Hudson. We would not leave it to scandal to allege in after times that the chief railway engineer and financier of this our wonder-working England voluntarily made waste of their own fame and honor for the enjoyment of a brief vain-glory.

We shall not ourselves be suspected of lukewarmness in acknowledging the high deserts of Mr. Stephenson. Here and elsewhere our pen has dwelt in earnest commendation of his great peaceful conquest for the benefit of mankind. But why should he not say to Gray as he has done to Lord Ravensworth?

"Thou marshalledst me the way that I should go."

The wisdom and far ken of Gray shadowed forth the path on which the purse of Ravensworth was to travel in the form of a locomotive engine, as the wisdom and conduct of Hacon in the Norse Legend made available the treasure of Siegfried. The fame of the "Hengist of Railways" can well afford a tribute to the merits of the pilot, but for whose skill and daring in sounding the channel before him, his vessel, with his fortunes, might have been wrecked in the breakers. Nor have

we been insensible to, or silent on, the merits of Mr. Hudson, the financial coadjutor of Mr. Stephenson. We regret his Sunderland election, as tending to narrow the sphere of his influence; but we are quite sure that the mind which could grapple with the railway subject, and become a leader amongst so many jarring individuals, must have in itself sufficient force to grapple with the question of free trade. We are quite sure that he will hereafter untalk, and be a hearty laughter at, the absurdities which he gathered up in urgent haste, and showered on those whose "sweet voices" he coveted, knowing only that it was a custom at elections to make speeches, and that he must get a certain quantity of words by heart without regard to their purport. A railway owner opposed to free trade, on conviction, is an anomaly so monstrous, that could we once believe it, we should at once take it for granted that Mr. Hudson was only "a fortunate accident," and not a strong brain.

We counsel these "northern lights" that they must do one of two things—either show that the claims of Mr. Gray are groundless—a difficult thing to do—or at once acknowledge them with manly generosity. Silence cannot be maintained. The press—daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly—is stirring in this matter; even the "New Moral World" and the "Morning Star" are kindling, and spreading through the working classes the cry of injustice.

"Little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at us."

The claim of Gray is, that he found the railway and the locomotive in the condition of mere miners' tools, dragged them forth to light, and proclaimed them as the means of universal progress. He published a practical plan in 1820, which was scoffed at on all hands, but in 1830 was made a fact by George Stephenson, though up to 1829 it was almost considered a certain thing that the haulage on the Liverpool and Manchester would either be performed by horse-power, or by stationary engines.

Unless a succession of bad harvests intervene to check prosperity, the year 1850 will behold the extinction of horses as a moving power, in England, for the purposes of pecuniary gain in the public transport of passengers and goods. Every new street, every village, every farm will have its railway, and stationary power will have become so common in its numerous applications, that it will be turned on and off for the purposes of haulage as easily as gas jets for the purpose of lighting. And the modes of its application will be manifold. Beyond the mere purposes of traction, there are other important problems to work out. There is an important process to be achieved in English agriculture, which seems not yet to have entered into the imagination of any of our improvers. The reason seems to be that our chemists are not mechanicians, nor are our mechanicians chemists; but be it as it may, we have never yet seen the matter proposed, and possibly may run the risk of being deemed mere visionary enthusiasts for propounding it. Yet in sober earnestness we propose—

To convey artificial heat beneath the earth, on open land, so as to maintain the temperature suited to the growth and development of the vegetable tribes, by means of pipes of metal or earthenware; circulating steam, or hot water, or air, from a close boiler or stove. These pipes to be laid at depths of

from four to five feet, in the manner of deep draining. Also, by a similar process, to inject the ground with gaseous manure, as ammonia and carbon, so that the heat and gases may be constantly ascending towards the surface, and thus be absorbed by the roots of the plants.

By our calculations the consumption of two tons of coals per acre, per annum, will supply heat for the production of green crops throughout the year, and probably coal will be delivered along lines of railway at an average of eight shillings per ton. Along lines of atmospheric railway the stationary engines would supply the steam or hot water, and we shall yet see the time when rails will be laid along the surfaces of our fields, whereon cylinder harrows will traverse, driven by the same stationary power, to break the soil into fragments fit for the growth of plants. Nor is this artificial warming of the subsoil a mere theory. In some parts of Saxony, the heat arising from burning coal mines below, so tempers the soil above, that snow never lies upon it, and crops are produced through the whole winter. Professor Liebig says,—

“The increase or diminution of the vital activity of vegetables depends only on heat and solar light, which we have not arbitrarily at our dispo-

sal: all that we can do is to supply substances adapted for assimilation by the power already existing in the organs of the plant. * * But in spring, when the heat of the sun penetrates the earth, the asparagus may put forth shoots many feet in length, quite independently of the action of light. * * Plants require light, and indeed sunlight, but it is not requisite that the direct rays of the sun should reach them.”

We have no doubt that, by the process we have described, the germinating of spring crops might be hastened, gardens preserved in verdure during winter, and crops of grass and vegetables furnished throughout the year. Green vegetables do not require a ripening sun. The only question to determine is, the expense of laying down pipes for the heating process. It is an object worthy the attention of our nursery men, as well as our agriculturists; for the luxury of the rich as well as the comfort of the poor. When our land shall be drained, dried moistened, heated, cooled, and injected with liquid and gaseous manures at pleasure, and moreover cultivated by power machines, we may be truly said to have conquered the earth or a portion of it.

G. A. H.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

O, WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!

O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.

I have seen—and, here 's my hand to you, I only say what 's true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,

And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,

'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!

If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,

Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;

Movrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—

Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?

Yet you can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—

See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!

He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—

Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—

Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—

Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,

And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,

Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;

Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse!

Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,

Because, *inagh!* you 've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;

That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,

But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,

If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,

I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

Duffy's Irish Ballads

From the Critic.

Tales. By EDGAR A. POE. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

WE have in this volume a number of tales, many of which show the ingenuity, rather than the capacity, of the author's mind. Mr. Poe is familiar to us as a poet of considerable power. We remember the fine conception and the musical execution of some of his stanzas, and, with these fresh in our mind, we confess ourselves disappointed by the present volume of *Tales*. The first story, "The Gold Bug," is only interesting from its strangeness. It tells of the discovery of some hidden treasure, by the solving of certain enigmatical figures. Viewed with the moral, the tale *may* be useful, as showing what a patient, earnest mind may accomplish. This is barely probable, and the tale will add no more to the stock of choice literature than the thousand and one stories that yearly fill the penny novelists.

Of a piece with "The Gold Bug" are the "Mystery of Marie Roget," and the "Murders of the Rue Morgue." The author seems here to have amused himself by following the plan of those philosophers who trace a series of references between every minute act, and so upward to the making and dethroning of kings. Mr. Poe has been as assiduous in this scheme as an Indian who follows the trail of a foe. He has learnt from the dwellers in the American woods a marked acuteness, which he has dealt out again to his readers in the *Tales* before us. Another tale of this class is the "Purloined Letter." If we were called upon to recommend this story to any particular party, it would be to some Bow-street officers. Such functionaries would be sure to appreciate it, as it exhibits a quick intellect, which, from a few surmises, arrives at a chain of conclusive evidence.

Perhaps of even less utility is Mr. Poe's tale of the "Black Cat." The Black Cat would have been a proper inmate for the "Castle of Otranto," and a most valuable counterpart to the mysterious plume and helmet. The beauty of Walpole's inexplicable riddle would have been much enhanced by the introduction of such a sooty monster. But it may be argued that the Black Cat is a figurative personification of the dark-brooding thoughts of a murderer, murder being the climax of the story. It *may* be so urged, we repeat, but, at present, our little perception cannot perceive it; and we have not faith to believe that the generality of readers will discover what we cannot.

We object, for the most part, to the tales we have instanced, because they uncurtain horrors and cruelties. It is enough, and perhaps too much, for public benefit, that minute details of murders and other horrors find their way into newspapers. They form no part of the glories of literature. The literature of the past, in a great measure, is not pure enough for the gaze of the future because of its antagonistic character. Mr. Poe's *Tales* are out of place. They are things of the past, but the past has retired from them. They do not anticipate the wants of the future, and the future will take no cognizance of them. But why has Mr. Poe given us so much of the scraps and the worn-out thoughts of yesterday?

Mr. Poe could not possibly send forth a book without some marks of his genius, and mixed up with the dross we find much sterling ore.

GILLE MACHREE.

Gille machree,

Sit down by me,

We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;

This hearth's our own

Our hearts are one

And peace is ours forever!

When I was poor,

Your father's door

Was closed against your constant lover;

With care and pain,

I tried in vain

My fortunes to recover.

I said, "To other lands I'll roam,

Where Fate may smile on me, love;"

I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"

And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"

Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,

My mountain maid,

Come live with me, your own true lover;

I know a spot,

A silent cot,

Your friends can ne'er discover,

Where gently flows the waveless tide

By one small garden only;

Where the heron waves his wings so wide,

And the linnet sings so lonely!

Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,

My mountain maid,

A father's right was never given

True hearts to curse

With tyrant force

That have been blest in heaven.

But then, I said, "In after years,

When thought of home shall find her,

My love may mourn with secret tears

Her friends thus left behind her."

Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Oh, no, I said,

My own dear maid,

For me, though all forlorn, forever,

That heart of thine

Shall ne'er repine

O'er slighted duty—never.

From home and thee though wandering far

A dreary fate be mine, love;

I'd rather live in endless war

Than buy my peace with thine, love.

Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Far, far away,

By night and day,

I toiled to win a golden treasure;

And golden gains

Repaid my pains

In fair and shining measure.

I sought again my native land,

Thy father welcomed me, love;

I poured my gold into his hand,

And my guerdon found in thee, love;

Sing *Gille machree*,

Sit down by me,

We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;

This hearth's our own,

Our hearts are one,

And peace is ours forever.

Duffy's Irish Ballads.

THE Picayune carries the *Entente Cordiale* to the very extent of amalgamation, in the annexed article:—

"We have now and then a contribution of a poetical description offered for our columns, written in French. For obvious reasons we can make but little use of such; but when we can please our readers, using both French and English, we are most gratified. So here goes for some genuine 'half and half,' which we find in an exchange paper, credited to 'Joe Miller, Jr.'"

The Tragedie de Douglas.

Mon nom is Norval; on the Grampian hills
Mon father keeps *moutons*;—a frugal swain
 Whose constant *soin* was to increase his *or*,
 And keep his only son, *moi-meme, chez moi*!
 But I had heard of battles, and I longed
Pour suivre jusq'au champ some warlike lord;
 And *Ciel* soon granted what *mon pere* denied.

Le Recontre of the Waters.

Il n'y dans la wide monde a valley *sucre*,
Comme le vale in whose *sein* meet *les eaux bril-*
liantes,
 Oh! *le last ray of sentiment* life *va partir*,
 Ere the bloom of that vale *dans mon cœur* shall ex-
pire!
Ce n'est pas that Nature has shed *sur le scene*,
 Her crystal *sans tache* and her *plus bright* of green;
 'T was not the soft murmur of *ruisseau* or rill;
 Oh *non, c'était quelque chose plus ravissante* still!

Le Tear du Soldat.

Il tournait sur the hill,
Pour prendre fond look *derniere*,
 Of the *val* and the *église village*,
 And the, by the brook, *chaumiere*!
Ecoutant to the sounds
 Long heard with *tant de charme*,
Le soldat leaned on his *épée*
 And wiped away a *larme*!

From Tremblez-spear.

Now is the *hiver* of our discontent
 Made glorious *été* by *Soleil de York*.

Par ron.

Mon boat is *sur le sand*!
Mon barque est on the sea!
Mais Tommy Plus, avant partir,
 Thy double *santés* *ici*!

REPRODUCTION OF CERTAIN PLANTS COMPARED WITH INFUSORIA.—Perhaps the most curious analogy between animal and vegetable organization is that which relates to the process of reproduction—which in some of the lowest tribes of animals approaches more nearly to identity with that of plants than in any other function. In several of the most minute infusoria, in which, nevertheless, small as they are, the patient investigation of Ehrenberg has discovered a series of stomachs, we meet with frequent examples of multiplication by the spontaneous division of the body of the parent into two or more parts. "Many species of *monads*, for instance, which are naturally of a globular shape, exhibit at a certain period of their development a slight circular groove round the middle of their bodies, which by degrees becoming deeper, changes their form to that of an hour-glass; and the middle part becoming still more contracted, they pre-

sent the appearance of two balls united by a mere point. The monads in this state are seen swimming irregularly in the fluid, as if animated by two different volitions; and apparently for the purpose of tearing asunder the last connecting fibres, darting through the thickest of the crowd of surrounding animalcules; and the moment this slender ligament is broken, each is seen moving away from the other and beginning its independent existence." Now although we have not in the vegetable world any instance of this voluntary division, yet, in the all but spontaneous action, the reproduction of plants by the division of their parts bears a strong analogy to it; and in the cases to be further mentioned, the resemblance is still stronger. The Hydra, or fresh-water Polype, "is capable of indefinite multiplication by simple division. Thus, if it be cut asunder transversely, the part containing a head soon supplies itself with a tail; and the detached tail soon shoots forth a new head, with a new set of tentacula. If any of the tentacula, or any portion of one of them be cut off, the mutilation is soon repaired; and if the whole animal be divided into a great number of pieces, each fragment acquires, in a short time, all the parts which are wanting to render it a complete individual." In this same animal, (the hydra,) which is thus capable of being increased by what would in a plant be *slips* or *cuttings*, the natural method of propagation is analogous to that of many plants—such as the duck weed: "At the earliest period at which the young of this animal is visible, it appears like a small tubercle, or bud, rising from the surface of the parent hydra; it grows in this situation, and remains attached for a considerable period; at first deriving its nourishment as well as receiving its mechanical support from the parent; * * * this mode of multiplication, in its first period, corresponds exactly with the production of a vegetable by buds; * * * although at a later stage, it differs from it in the complete detachment of the offspring from the parent." An instance of reproduction occurs in the sponges, which bears a near resemblance to the spontaneous fructification and bursting of the thecae of many of the Cryptogamic plants. "The parts of the *spongia panicea*, which are naturally transparent, contain at certain seasons a multitude of opaque yellow spots, visible to the naked eye, and which, when examined by a microscope, are found to consist of groups of ova, or more properly *gemmules*, since we cannot discover that they are furnished with any envelope. In the course of a few months these gemmules enlarge in size, each assuming an oval or pear-like shape, and are then seen projecting from the sides of the internal canals of the parent, to which they adhere by their narrow extremities. In process of time they become detached, one after the other, and are swept along by the currents of fluid, which are rapidly passing out of the larger orifices." "When two gemmules, in the course of their spreading on the surface of a watch-glass, come in contact with each other, their clear margins unite without the least interruption—in a few days we can detect no line of distinction between them, and they continue to grow as one animal. The same thing happens, according to the observations of Cavolini, to adult sponges, which, on coming into mutual contact, grow together, and form an inseparable union. In this species of animal grafting we again find an analogy between the constitution of zoophytes and that of plants."—*Introduction to Vegetable Physiology.*